

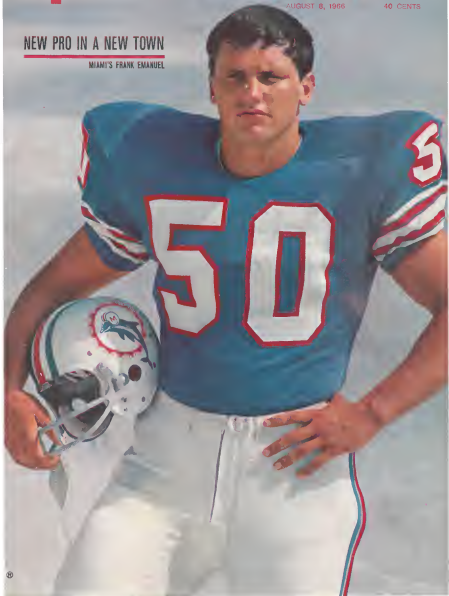
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 8, 1966

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Triumph TR-4A

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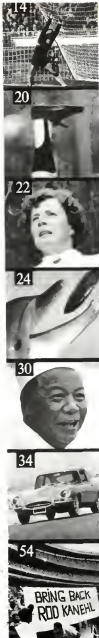
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BEAR BRYANT, college football's most successful coach, begins the stormy story of his life, from the dark-pace days of his Arkansas birthed to the push years of national fame.

WHEN YOU'RE NO 2 you drive harder as does young Scott Jackie Stewart, the bright new boy to watch among the oldtimers on the Grand Prix circuits of international racing.

THE LITTLEST TIGER in golf is Roberto Albers. Pat Ryan asks how this 100-year-old prodigy from Florida is starting to win once again, and coming even the pros to watch her with awe.



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SCORECARD

ABOVE VS. BELOW

When spearfishing became popular 15 years ago, alarmed hook-and-line fishermen could be heard from here to the Grand Bank. Their fear was that skin divers—who could, for example, casually swim up to a big grouper and skewer it at point-blank range—would shortly deplete the inshore fish population. Indeed, as a result of the uproar, spearfishing was banned in parts of the Florida Keys.

The California Department of Fish and Game has now published the results of a four-year study that indicates skin divers have an almost insignificant effect upon marine life compared with the impact of rod-and-reel fishermen. Spearfishermen catch 6 fish per hour. Surf casters, as members of that infinitely more society might well have surmised, are the only ones who do worse: they beach 5 fish an hour. Pier fishermen do exactly as well (or as badly) as skin divers. Anglers in skiffs catch one fish an hour and party-boat fishermen haul in 14 fish per hour. Moreover, only 2.8% of the total man-hours spent fishing in California waters are represented by the activities of spear fishermen, and they take only .7% of the fish caught.

However, that's in the cold, murky, kelpy depths off California. There still may be a good case for prohibiting spearfishing in the Keys: there are fewer pounds of fish per cubic foot of ocean off Florida, and in the clear, shallow, tropical water they are easier to catch. In fact, skin divers can spook or wipe out the population of a reef as fast as you can say *save our national resources*.

VASSS (CONT.)

Last week we related how Vic Seixas, 42, played a 66-game set of tennis one day and, presumably all tuckered out, lost to Clark Graebner, 22, the next, how James Van Alen, inventor of the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System (VASSS), proclaimed this an inequity that never would have happened under VASSS, how he further asserted that Seixas undoubtedly

ly would have preferred to play under VASSS, and how Seixas disagreed and stood up for the game's old, inequitable virtues.

This week, somewhat nettled by Seixas' reply, Van Alen has been moved to compose a cautionary verse, which we here-with reprint:

"Though you're old, Father Victor,"
the young man said,

"For your age you just couldn't
be stronger

But if you keep playing
those marathon sets,

It's a cinch you won't be here
much longer.

You will end in a wheel chair
or, worse, in a hearse

In a box with a tightly nailed
cover.

So don't be an ass,
score your tennis with VASSS.

And you'll play till you're 90
or over."

CASEY AND TED

Casey Stengel and Ted Williams were inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y. last week. Stengel is beloved; Williams is admired.

Stengel, predictably, was charming. "Yes, yes, yes, young man, I can see that you want another autograph. Who is this one for? Your grandfather? I see, and I'll bet that your grandfather buys you gloves and bats and balls and probably buys the Japanese kind 'cause they're cheaper and just as good as the American kind. . . . You say you go down to Shea Stadium and you meet all those Mets, and your teacher says she doesn't believe that you really meet 'em? What's her name? Miss Citzer? Yes, yes, yes." And Stengel wrote: "Dear Miss Citzer, please believe Danny. Casey Stengel."

Williams, unexpectedly, was beautiful. All anyone thought they'd get out of him in the way of an acceptance speech was a "thank you," maybe a "very much" if they got lucky. Instead he

said, in part: "I guess every player thinks about going into the Hall of Fame. Now that the moment has come for me I find it difficult to say what is really in my heart, but I know that it is the greatest thrill of my life. I received 280-odd votes from the writers. I know I didn't have 280 close friends among the writers. I know that they voted for me because they felt in their minds, and some in their hearts, that I rated it, and I want to say to them thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. . . ."

"Baseball gives every American boy a chance to excel, not just to be as good as someone else but to be better than someone else. This is the nature of man and the name of the game, and I've been a very lucky guy to have worn a baseball uniform, to have struck out or to hit a tape-measure home run. And I hope that some day the names of Saichel Paige and Josh Gibson in some way can be added as a symbol of the great Negro players who are not here only because they were not given a chance. . . ."

Of Williams' many fine moments in baseball, this was perhaps his finest.

UNPLAYABLE LIE

There are something like 12,000 holes in one scored every year, and it seems that we are informed of every one of them usually by collect telegram. Once in a while folks even feel compelled to tell us all about their exceptional eagles. We confess we usually make holes in one in our wastebasket with these missives, although sometimes it takes two throws. However, this week we are in receipt of a hole-in-one story that perfectly expresses our sentiments about the feat. Raymond Weicker of Bethlehem, Pa. hooked his shot off the first tee at the Saucon Valley Country Club, and the ball wound up in the 18th hole.

THE FORDS GO BY

When last we left stock car racing it was entangled in a dispute over which factory-backed cars could compete in what races. There was Ford with one hot engine and Chrysler with another, and a set of complicated racing rules that, they both moaned, wouldn't let them on the same track. General Motors, for its part, feigned disinterest and wished a pox on both their specially bored engine blocks.

Then, two weeks ago, Chrysler said it was pulling out of stock car racing and urged Ford to do likewise. Chrysler said

continued

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perspiration
odor
24 hours!



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All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

SCORECARD

that aside from saving \$29½ million a year, its departure would give the little, independent driver a break.

Did Ford tag along? Not on your F-150. Last week Ford announced that it was going to vastly expand its role in racing—in fact, spend more than \$10 million annually on the game. And to Ralph Nader and company, who claim racing only encourages kids to mosh the accelerator, Ford said that it has produced better and safer automobiles.

All this leaves the small driver back up the old financial creek. It also makes the future indefinite for such Chrysler-backed aces as Richard Petty, who has driven Plymouths to national titles.

Of course, the cynics believe Chrysler is only going underground, where, they contend, it will join G.M. Then, if the independent Plymouths do not do well, Chrysler can say "Who me?" And if they win Chrysler can take a great big, unaffiliated bow.

The next exciting chapter will come at the end of the month when stock car racing's governing bodies fix the rules for 1987. It shouldn't be too tough a job. Let's see now: we'll have a class for green Fords, a class for blue Fords, a class for red Fords, . . .

PREVENTIVE MEASURE

When Robert W. Junell, a Washington state highway inspector, was severely nipped on the right ear by a crow while working on the Seattle Freeway, he was obliged to fill out an accident form. Junell was doing fine until he got to the last question: "How may this accident have been prevented?" His considered reply: "Avoid low-flying birds."

DOWN-JUMP CHAMPION

Glenn Gossett, the SMU track coach, calls him "the world's down-jump champion."

"And that," says Mike Madigan, "is a title I'll never defend."

Madigan, 20, is also the Southwest Conference broad-jump champion, and that is a title he would like to defend. Whether he can will be determined during the coming months of rehabilitation.

The other day, leaving a rest room on the sixth floor of a Dallas hotel, Madigan slipped through what he believed to be a door. It was a ventilation shaft, and Madigan dropped 80 feet.

"Boy, that was stupid," he says from his hospital bed. "I just lie here all the

time, thinking about it. I just can't believe I did it. Boy, it was stupid."

Madigan was pulled out of the shaft with injuries to both legs, two broken ribs and multiple cuts and abrasions. Still, he was fortunate—he landed feet first, so there were no head injuries.

Madigan's plunge got heavy play in the local papers, but the sports editor of *The S.M. Times* wrote nary a word about it. His name? Mike Madigan.

"It must have been a great story," sighs Madigan. "I just wish I had been awake to cover it."

NO SNOW JOB

It may be 85°, but they're skiing at Ski Villa in Carbon Canyon, 45 freeway minutes east of Los Angeles. Not water skiing—snow skiing, sort of. It's not the real white thing, or even the manufactured kind that requires near-freezing weather. A \$750,000 plastic ski run has been built on a seven-acre slope that was graded to the desired contour, covered with two inches of mastic cement and topped with 1.3 million interlocking 6-inch square tiles of plastic bristles with a 1¼-inch nap. Skiers claim the surface is comparable to midmorning spring snow on Mammoth Mountain, seven hours north of L.A.

Facilities at Ski Villa include three rope tows of 900, 500 and 300 feet, a run of more than a quarter of a mile, a ski school, equipment shop, restaurant, lounge, ski patrol and, *nota bene*, a first-aid station.

"Falling on plastic bristles doesn't have the soft touch of snow," an executive of Randazzo Plastics, which provided the tiles, drolly puts it. In fact, Ski Villa recommends that skiers wear "full clothes coverage." There's not much point in wearing bathing suits, anyway. It's so hot in the daytime that the floodlit slope operates mainly at night.

STERN REPLY

Gerry Driscoll of Driscoll Custom Boats in San Diego, who is supervising the remodeling of *Columba* for the 1967 America's Cup campaign, recently received the following letter from Alberto J. Quavat of Rye, N.Y.

"I read that you are replanking the afterbody of *Columba*. This boat has a sentimental value to many of us. Would it be possible to pick up some scrap pieces from the pile, ¾ inch and over in thickness, any length, and mail them to me by parcel post?"

To facilitate the reply, Quavat enclosed

(Continued)



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Sales of A&C are soaring. By the millions! Because so many men who are going places today are taking A&C cigars with them. The reason? Flavor. Tastes so good, men say an A&C never lasts long enough. The inside story: A&C's unique blend of fine imported leaf plus choice domestic tobaccos. Light up an A&C Grenadier, Panetela, Tony or one of A&C's nine other shapes and sizes. Then—buy a box or pack. You won't want to go anywhere without A&Cs again.

Antonio y Cleopatra

Tastes so good it never lasts long enough.



Product of The American Tobacco Company



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He was a complete stranger. But after my accident late at night,
he found me a place to stay. And had my car repaired by the next morning.
The man was a Hartford Agent.
Your Hartford Agent does more than he really has to do.



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THE HARTFORD INSURANCE GROUP: HARTFORD, CONN. HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY - HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND HEALTH COMPANY - HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY - CAPITAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY - NEW YORK GUARANTY INSURANCE COMPANY - TWO CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

SCORECARD *continued*

a checklist, and asked Driscoll to indicate the appropriate items.

"Dear Mr. Quayat:

1. You must be a nut.
2. We haven't got the time.
3. The wood removed is mixed with other scrap and cannot be trucked down.
4. So sorry, old boy.
5. We have some pieces, random size.
6. We can ship them to you by parcel post.
7. Please send check for.
8. We hope you realize that the time this will take is not quite covered by your check, but we are willing to do it because *Columbus* means so much to you guys out there.
9. Please do not bother us again with things of this nature."

Driscoll sent Quayat a sizable piece of the stern section and advises that filling this order has exhausted the stock of the *Columbus* Souvenir Shoppe. He did not return Quayat's questionnaire, however. He's keeping it as a souvenir.

THEORY OF RELATIVITY

For the past two seasons the New York Jets have wondered how much Tackle Sherman Plunkett really weighed. He was carried on the program as 300, but that was because the Jets' scale only registered to 300. This year the Jets have a new scale that goes up to 350, and when Plunkett first stood on it he weighed 325. Last week he was down to his old program weight, but Coach Weeb Ewbank was after him to make 295.

To Plunkett this is unreasonable. "I think everything's sort of relative," he says. "You take a guy who's supposed to weigh 185. If he weighs 190, nobody says he's fat."

THEY SAID IT

- Ron Mix, San Diego Charger tackle, who claims he recites the Offensive Line-man's Prayer before each game: "May this unknown fellow across from me be skinny, slow, weak, stupid and love football but hate body contact."
- Sam Snead: "If a lot of people gripped a knife and fork like they do a golf club, they'd starve to death."
- David Brower, executive director of the Sierra Club, opposing proposed dams in the Grand Canyon, which, their adherents claim, would create artificial lakes so sightseers could more closely approach the canyon's walls: "Should we flood the Sistine Chapel so tourists can float nearer the ceiling?"

END

If Rose's is made for gin gimlets and vodka gimlets, what's it doing in a brandy gimlet? (And a rum gimlet?)



Some people think a gimlet is a small carpenter's tool. And some people think a gimlet is a delightful mixture of one part Rose's lime juice to four or five parts gin or vodka.

But there is still another group. They mix our lime juice with brandy or rum. That's a gimlet to them.

To these nonconformists we say, "Bravo!"

Our Rose's adds a calypso twist to distinctive brandy and rum flavors. Why? Because Rose's is made of tropical limes, sun-yellow Caribbean limes from the island of Dominica. Rose's isn't as tart as green untropical limes. Nor as sweet as ordinary lime juice. It's tart-sweet. Deliciously calypsonian.

What about a bourbon gimlet? Well, a Rose's by any other name...



Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 5, 1966

IT WAS LIKE V-E DAY

In tense overtime period, England's red-shirted Geoffrey Hurst lies on ground of left as his kick bounces off the crossbar atop the goal, setting



REVISITED

With a melodramatic overtime victory against Germany, England won the world soccer championship and set off a celebration unseen since the days of blood, sweat and tears

CONTINUED

off a desperation loss by West German goalie Hans Tilkowski and setting up moments of suspense over whether the point would be allowed.





WHEN THE REDS WENT MARCHING IN by TEX MAULE

Through most of last week England was enduring one of her darker hours. The country's finances were faltering. The pound was in such bad shape that Prime Minister Harold Wilson asked for a wage freeze that would chill six million paychecks. Worse, he raised the taxes on strong drink. It was clearly a time for new proof that there will always be an England. And then came Saturday, lovely Saturday, the day the tide turned. Forget finances for now. We'll fight about wages later. Taxes be blasted and everybody drink up! England won the World Cup.

On a historic ramp afternoon, when British upper lips were limp, English Forward Geoffrey Hurst kicked the clinching goal that indisputably defeated West Germany 4-2 in the closing seconds of an overtime and the 93,000 people in Wembley Stadium went daft. Around the British Isles, around the world, a television and radio audience of 400 million was similarly affected. Grown men wept. Horns blared. The Royal Marine Band tootled ecstatically under a canopy of waving Union Jacks. The players embraced one another, and the fans—who ordinarily never do that sort of thing—flooded out onto the pitch.

Decorum was never entirely restored. But then, it likely never will be. The team marched up to the royal box, where Queen Elizabeth waited, in white gloves, to present the trophy. Elizabeth had been, in the closing seconds, as excited as anyone. She had turned to an aide and said, "When will it be over?" while waiting for the whistle to blow. And now Bobby Moore, who was at the head of the English team line, carefully wiped his hands on the hunting so as not to get Her Majesty's gloves dirty and accepted the 12-inch cup that had grown so much bigger in the past weeks.

Beaming at the Queen's side was Prime Minister Wilson, who had—never mind international affairs—rushed back from a conference with President Lyndon Johnson to attend the game. Wilson had been carrying with him for luck a photograph of England's famous 1922 Huddersfield soccer team—about the equivalent of President Johnson flashing a picture of the 1941 Chicago Bears.

The crowd stood and howled happily for nearly an hour after it was all over. The people cheered when the English team made a triumphant tour around the pitch, holding aloft the gold Jules Rimet Cup, emblem of the world championship. They sang, "Ee, eye, addio, England have won the cup," over and over. Then they joined the marine band, singing "When the Reds go marching on" in tribute to the team, which for this game had been forced to change from its traditional white uniforms to red after losing a coin toss to the West Germans.

They finally left, reluctantly, after the team had retired to the dressing rooms. But crowds in Piccadilly Circus and all around London chanted, "England, England," far into the night, and a few overly stimulated fans puddled about

happily in the fountain in Trafalgar Square. It was V-E day all over again, a demonstration infinitely removed from the standard concept of British reserve.

But why not? Most of the world—and the United States is starting to notice—takes its soccer more seriously than any other endeavor. The World Cup comes, like the Olympics, every four years. The buildup for Saturday's victory had started two years back, in a 90-team elimination. By the time the 16 finalists had assembled in England, world tensions were at their peak.

For all the postgame hoopla over heroes, this had not seemed a particularly endearing English team as the tourney began. "A championship team is built on the firm foundation of defense," said Coach Alf Ramsey. He is a soft-spoken man who looks like a mini-copy of Pat O'Brien playing Knute Rockne. His English team certainly had the firm foundation, but in its early games it showed a lamentable lack of scoring power.

But by the time England defeated high-scoring Portugal in the semifinal, Alf and his charges had become the darlings of the British Isles. When they took the field for the final they were greeted by a thunderous roar, and each time they attacked during the game the crowd roared again.

The game itself was almost indecently melodramatic. It was only the second World Cup final in history to be decided in an overtime period—and the only one ever to be tied in the last 30 seconds of regular play.

The West Germans, a big, strong team with more individual talent than England, scored first. Ray Wilson, an English defensive back, made the mistake of heading a ball directly to the feet of Helmut Haller, almost in the mouth of the English goal. The surprised Haller stopped the ball, then hit quickly, caroming the shot off the thigh of an English player and into the net. It was the first goal in the tournament scored from the field against Gordon Banks, the exceptionally competent English goalie.

Six minutes later England evened the score. Hurst got the first of his three goals, this one a header off a free kick by Moore. Then Martin Peters, a tall, slender forward, put England ahead with 12 minutes left in the game when he sent home a goal after a brief scrimmage in front of the German net. The crowd was now convinced that England had won, but the West Germans tied it up, with the assistance of Swiss Referee Gottfried Dienst, an unfortunately whistle-happy official. Earlier in the game, after some of Dienst's calls, the crowd had sung, "Oh, my, what a bad referee!" to the tune of *O also! What can the matter be*. But after he had given the West Germans a free kick from about 25 yards out—with less than a minute to play—they simply booed.

He called the penalty on Jackie Charlton, a tall, long-necked defensive player who had climbed up the back of

Continued

Surrounded by teammates—and the cheers of an adoring public—England's Captain Bobby Moore waves the small but mighty World Cup.

a German to knock a ball away with his head. To the English crowd, it looked as though the German had "made a back" for Charlton, or backed into him as a block. At any rate, in the melee in front of the English goal after the free kick, Wolfgang Weber smacked the ball through Banks, and to the absolute dismay of almost everybody the game was tied 2-2.

Ten minutes into the overtime period, Nobby Stiles, the smallest and one of the best players on the field, passed the ball to Alan Ball, another tiny, red-haired forward. Ball tipped it to Hurst, who slammed it high up against the bottom of the crossbar in the German goal. It came down on the goal line, and there were some agonizing moments for the crowd before a goal was allowed. Dienst suddenly seemed struck with indecision and bad to ask Tofik Bakhranov, a Russian linesman, for his opinion. Since Bakhranov can speak only Russian and Turkish, his opinion was not easily understood, but at last he made it clear that he considered the kick a goal. The crowd went wild again.

To make sure there could be no doubt about the better team, Hurst added his final goal with the last kick of the game. He broke loose after taking a long pass and bore down on the German goalkeeper with only one other defender between him and the net. He junked by the fullback and drove the ball high and hard past the goalie, kicking with his left foot. His first goal he had scored with his head, his second with his right foot.

Thus, the World Cup tournament, which had begun and proceeded with acrimony and accusations, ended happily. Even the Germans seemed content. "It is not so bad to finish second to a great team," their manager said. "We have the right to lose, you know."

By the time competition had reached the quarterfinals, it had become clear that this was not to be a festival of fine soccer and goodwill to all. The strong Italian side had been put out in the biggest upset since the United States defeated England 1-0 in 1950. Then North Korea, a mystery team ignored by everybody, defeated the Italians 1-0 and qualified for the quarterfinals.

The Italians went home, trying to sneak into Genoa unnoticed—only to find a crowd of several hundred people waiting, armed with elderly tomatoes. The team was greeted with cries of "Assassini!" and volleys of tomatoes, most of them better aimed than the Italian shots at the goal had been.

When Brazil, the defending champion, was eliminated by Portugal before it could reach the quarterfinals, a Brazilian girl jumped over the side of her cruise ship in an earnest endeavor to kill herself; she was fished out of the sea alive and weeping. A West German fan, watching his team winning an early match on TV, hanged himself in exasperation when his set went on the blink.

The soccer, moreover, had been largely dull and uninteresting, as most of the sides concentrated on defense. Only Portugal, with the tournament's strongest offense, and little North Korea, with nothing to lose, seemed to care at all about scoring. Their meeting in the quarterfinals produced by far the most exciting game of the tournament up to that time. The North Koreans burst into a 3-0 lead, to the vast astonishment and delight of the spectators, only to lose 5-3 when Eusébio Ferreira da Silva, Portugal's answer to Brazil's Pelé, scored four goals.

England's quarterfinal match with Argentina was notable more for its repercussions than for the unimpressive 1-0 English victory. First, the Argentine captain was banished for disputing an official decision; then the temperamental Lainez disputed further, and, when it was all over, three Argentines were suspended from future play. The nation was warned to mend its temper or it could not come back. (Alf Ramsey then buffed something about Argentine animals, and he drew a reprimand.)

The Argentines went home as national heroes and began to organize a world cup of their own for South American countries, since by the end of the quarterfinals all the Latin American teams were out of the competition. Uruguay, playing West Germany, had lost 4-0, after two of its better players were sent off the field by the English referee. This prompted the South American press to hint darkly that the whole thing was a dastardly Anglo-Saxon plot.

Curiously, in all of these charges and countercharges of foul play, no one had mentioned the name of Nobby Stiles. Norbert, as he was christened, was the popular choice for dirtiest player in the tournament before play even started. Eusébio, the Portuguese star who was guarded by Stiles in the semifinal match against England, asked that the referee pay particular attention.

Nobby, a defensive back for Manchester United when he is not playing for England, is the most unlikely-looking vil-

ENGLAND'S PATH TO THE WORLD

GROUP MATCHES

Group 1

ENGLAND	0	URUGUAY	0	The luck of the draw put
FRANCE	1	MEXICO	1	England in the weakest of
URUGUAY	2	FRANCE	1	four starting groups, and
ENGLAND	2	MEXICO	0	its biggest problem here
MEXICO	0	URUGUAY	0	was to avoid looking ahead
ENGLAND	2	FRANCE	0	to the next round. Uruguay
				advanced only because
				Mexico was out of its ele-

FINAL PLACINGS

	W	D	L	Pts
1 ENGLAND	2	1	0	5
2 URUGUAY	1	2	0	4
3 MEXICO	0	2	1	2
4 FRANCE	0	1	2	1

Group 2

W GERMANY	5	SWITZERLAND	0
ARGENTINA	2	SPAIN	1
SPAIN	2	SWITZERLAND	1
ARGENTINA	0	W GERMANY	0
ARGENTINA	2	SWITZERLAND	0
W GERMANY	2	SPAIN	1

FINAL PLACINGS

	W	D	L	Pts
1 W GERMANY	2	1	0	5
2 ARGENTINA	2	1	0	5
3 SPAIN	1	0	2	2
4 SWITZERLAND	0	0	3	0

West Germany's steamroller team shattered the more artistic squad of Spain—but it could not overcome the touch-and-go style of the Argentines. When the two ended group play with five points each, the nod went to the Germans on a goal-average calculation. Meanwhile, the Swiss, 11 amateurs in a pro setting, finished about as expected.

I am in sports. He stands a rather waxy 5 feet 4, and with his horn-rimmed glasses and buck teeth he looks more like a bewildered rabbit than the most frightening defender in soccer. He is a changed man when he takes the field.

"I don't know what it is," says Jackie Charlton. "He takes out 'is bridgework and slips in 'is contact lenses and looks at you and 'is bloody frightenin'. You don't know if the bloke is hypnotizin' you, or plannin' to go for your throat with 'is fangs."

Against the Portuguese, Nobby did, indeed, shadow Eusébio, although he functioned as a sweeper, or jack of all trades, in the excellent English defense. Eusébio, who had scored four goals against the North Koreans, scored just one against England, and that was on a point-blank penalty shot that had nothing to do with Nobby.

England beat Portugal 2-1 on two goals by Bobby Charlton, who was proposed (by a Swedish newspaper) for knighthood. Eusébio left the field in tears, but he had no complaints about Nobby, who had played a clean game.

Indeed, this one game did much to take away the bad taste of the poor soccer and poorer sportsmanship of the previous matches. In the semifinal the night before in Liverpool, West Germany had eliminated Russia 2-1 in a monumentally dull game enlivened only by the German histrionics whenever they considered they might have been fouled.

Stiles, on the day before the final, worked out with his

mates at Rehampton, at the Bank of England Athletic Field, where English national sides traditionally practice before an international game. Although Nobby is only 23 he has 19 caps, which means that he has competed against international competition 19 times. An actual cap, with a small tassel on top, is awarded a player for each international game in which he participates.

"It ain't the same at all," said Nobby, his pale rabbit face solemn. "It ain't like league play, even in the big game. The tension is so bad. You know if you make a mistake, it ain't just your club you're 'urtin'. You're 'urtin' the whole nation, like."

And with currency, wage and tax troubles, the nation was in no mood to be hurt the next day. Everything—national pride and prestige—seemed to hinge on the 11 men.

When Hurst's final goal did it, Stiles pulled his red uniform shirt out of his shorts and skipped deliciously about the pitch. A broad grin bared the fangs where his front teeth used to be. He had been, through it all, one of the strongest players in England, throwing his small body into the attack, defending with abandon and helping direct the action.

Later, in decorous blue suit with a red carnation in his buttonhole, he smiled once more, this time with teeth. Had he been worried when the game went into overtime?

"Worried? No," said Nobby. "We 'ad come too long a way to lose it on the last 'urdle, 'adn't we?"

END

CUP SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

Group 3

BRAZIL	2	BULGARIA	0	Brazil was banking on Pelé, the world's greatest soccer star—as were the world's greatest bookies. But the Bulgarians roughed him up in the first round, and without a healthy Pelé the Brazilians could handle neither Hungary nor Portugal. In the end, it was Portugal's Eusébio, Europe's Black Panther, who was the standout of the series.
PORTUGAL	3	HUNGARY	1	
HUNGARY	3	BRAZIL	1	
PORTUGAL	3	BULGARIA	0	
PORTUGAL	3	BRAZIL	1	
HUNGARY	3	BULGARIA	1	

FINAL PLACINGS W D L PTS

1. PORTUGAL	3	0	0	6
2. HUNGARY	2	0	1	4
3. BRAZIL	1	0	2	2
4. BULGARIA	0	0	3	0

Group 4

U.S.S.R.	3	N. KOREA	0	In another "gassy draw," Russia was pegged to advance with highly rated U.S.S.R. Italy, but the North Koreans, darkest of all soccer horses, took care of Italy and emerged as the runners-up. The pint-sized, all-bachelor Korean 11, it turned out, had been holed up in an army camp for two years with nothing to do but kick the ball around.
ITALY	2	CHILE	0	
CHILE	1	N. KOREA	1	
U.S.S.R.	1	ITALY	0	
N. KOREA	1	ITALY	0	
U.S.S.R.	2	CHILE	1	

FINAL PLACINGS W D L PTS

1. U.S.S.R.	3	0	0	6
2. N. KOREA	1	1	1	3
3. ITALY	1	0	2	2
4. CHILE	0	1	2	1

QUARTERFINALS

Match A

Winner Group 1 vs.
Runner-up Group 2

ENGLAND	1
ARGENTINA	0

Match B

Winner Group 2 vs.
Runner-up Group 1

W. GERMANY	4
URUGUAY	0

Match C

Winner Group 3 vs.
Runner-up Group 4

PORTUGAL	5
N. KOREA	3

Match D

Winner Group 4 vs.
Runner-up Group 3

U.S.S.R.	2
HUNGARY	1

SEMIFINALS

Winner Match A vs.
Winner Match C

ENGLAND	2
PORTUGAL	1

Winner Match B vs.
Winner Match D

W. GERMANY	2
U.S.S.R.	1

RUNNER-UP MATCH

PORTUGAL	2
U.S.S.R.	1

CHAMPIONSHIP

ENGLAND	4
W. GERMANY	2

SITUATION NORMAL IN THE GOOD OLD N.L.

As the baseball season enters its last two months, the National League lines up for one of its typically wild pennant scrambles, out of which will come a winner—but not necessarily the best team

by JACK MANN

Sometimes," said St. Louis Cardinal Coach Dick Sisler, "the best club on paper doesn't win the pennant."

Sisler was talking about the 1950 Phillies, a fraudulent band who prevailed over the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 10th inning of the last day on a three-run home run by Dick Sisler. He must also have been thinking of the 1965 Cincinnati Reds, who squandered their talents so prodigally that the management fired the manager, Dick Sisler.

In any case, Sisler had articulated the essence—and the charm—of a National League pennant race: the best team does not always win, as in five of the last seven years, for instance, and this season, here we go again. The Pittsburgh Pirates, Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants are wheel to wheel at the top of the league, and not far back are the Philadelphia Phillies and the surprising St. Louis Cardinals. Nothing can spoil N.L. President Warren Giles's annual tournament of would-be champions except a prolonged winning streak by one of the contenders, and that is highly unlikely, for each team bears the seeds of its own destruction.

The Pirates, as the season turned into August, seemed to be the best. With a team batting average 17 points higher than that of the runaway Baltimore Orioles (SL, Aug. 1), they are platooning Manny Mota, a .346 hitter. The Pirates have as much power as a team could reasonably want in a park the size of Forbes Field. They can run well enough, and the combination of Shortstop Gene Alley and Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski has elevated their defense from adequate to excellent.

But the snares of Alley and Mazeroski

are a delusion, masking a pitching staff of questionable big-league quality. The good left arm of Bob Veale is hinged to a bad back, and Vernon Law's soft stuff is not puzzling that many hitters. Youngsters Woody Fryman and Steve Blass are winning, and Pirate fans applying "Bac Fever" stickers to the bumpers of their cars are sure that Tommie Sisk will win, too, sooner or later. The Pirates are living high but dangerously.

The Giants have that power, of course. No contender, not even Pittsburgh, has a foursome to match Willie Mays, Willie McCovey, Jim Ray Hart and Tom Haller, who have 86 home runs among them. And nobody has two pitchers with more victories than Juan Marchal and Gaylord Perry.

Yet Casey Stengel in his gullest period never juggled his lineup more than Herman Franks. By the sides of July the Giants had used six men at shortstop and first base. Only the four long-ball men are reasonably sure of playing every day, and Hart has to read the lineup card to find out whether to go to third base or left field. Left-handed pitching by the opposition has considerably diluted the power of McCovey and Haller, and Tito Fuentes and Hal Lanier are thoroughly confused as to which of them is the shortstop and which is the second baseman.

The Giants' defense is sketchy at best and their speed is almost nil; they have hit into more double plays than they have made. The pitching, after Marchal and Perry, is ragged enough to make the front office wish it hadn't been so hasty about peddling Bob Shaw to the Mets.

The Dodgers aren't capable of a long winning streak because they score fewer



Is a topsy-turvy scene representative of the

runs than any team in either league. By August 1 they had been shut out a dozen times, doubling their total for the entire 1965 season. But they are also incapable of a long losing streak because arthritic Sandy Koufax, unlucky Claude Osteen, rookie Don Sutton and enigmatic Don Drysdale do not figure to be beaten in succession. It is not even advisable to knock out one of the Dodgers' starters, since the alternatives are lanky Ron Perranoski's sinker and righty Phil Regan's irragued "slider."

The Dodgers' speed has always been overrated, concentrated as it is in two or three men, and there are already indications that Maury Wills, at 33, is finding the base paths about a foot longer than they used to be. Their defense is barely adequate. But whoever wins the pennant will have to beat the Dodgers to get it, because they demand that.

Cardinal Manager Red Schoendienst wasn't grinning from ear to ear at the All Star break, but then he wasn't bleeding from ear to ear, either. His team was four games under .500 and 12½ games out of first place, but he still had a job and last spring he wouldn't have bet on



National League pennant race: Willie Stargell of the Pittsburgh Pirates slides hard into second base, spending San Francisco's Hal Lanier

that. Three weeks later the Cards were six games over .500, and Schoendienst was saying that his team did have a shot at the pennant.

Down, boy: you're 5½ games behind. But it's that kind of league. In the name of economy, St. Louis General Manager Bob Howsam last winter traded high-salaried Bill White for some people who couldn't do the Cardinals any good. This spring, in the name of reason, he traded Ray Sadecki to the Giants, who were desperate for a left-handed pitcher, and got Orlando Cepeda. Cepeda's resurgence (.339) has made it possible to play light-hitting Dal Maxwell at short, and the Cardinals' defense is now calked.

Thus the Cards, with Curt Flood in center and Tim McCarver behind the plate, are as sound as any team up the middle—except for the pitcher's mound. Bob Gibson's arm troubles him, and Ray Washburn's reconstructed shoulder is suspect. St. Louis, like Pittsburgh, must lean heavily on untested pitchers such as Joe Hoerner, who was so insignificant a member of the cast during the spring that his principal assignment was to hit fungoes against the facade of the

new stadium club to see if the glass would break. Obviously then, the Cardinals have no more chance than they did in 1964 when nobody believed in them but Johnny Keane.

The Phils' age movement might have succeeded if among all the halting gentry they imported—Duck Groat, Bob Buhl, Larry Jackson, for three—they had found a right-handed relief pitcher who could get somebody out. But the Phils' bullpen consists of a slightly hulked rookie southpaw, Darold Knowles, who has to throw hard to throw hard, and who is likely to tire as his number of appearances approaches the record level.

The disaffection toward Manager Gene Mauch of Right Fielder John Callison—reportedly fined \$1,000 after he announced that he'd rather not play for Mauch—was followed by the editorial disaffection of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. "The benching of Callison, a fans' idol, raises new questions about Mauch's ability to handle his men evenly and fairly."

If Mauch's dissatisfaction with an RBI man who isn't batting in runs raises the question whether a team can win a pennant if the manager and players are feud-

ing, the answer is: of course. It has happened before and will happen again if the Pirates win the pennant this year. What John Gunther wrote, prophetically, of Thomas E. Dewey in 1947 can be said of Pirate Manager Harry Walker. "A blunt fact about him must be faced: it is that many people do not like him."

Some of the people who do not like Walker are playing for him. "It took a while to learn his way," says Jim Pagliaroni, the team's player representative and a sort of younger statesman. "We've gotten through to him. We understand him now." But do you like him? "I said we understand him."

But if Walker's moves keep winning games, there may have to be a reappraisal. Johnny Keane doesn't smile easily, but he might laugh if the Pirates win the pennant. He has played Walker's role. Some people may be amazed if the Pirates win, but Bill White won't be one of them. He has felt the boat rock before.

"We had some pretty good ones in St. Louis in '64," White said with a shrug. "But we won the pennant." They were not the best team in the league, but Keane didn't tell them. **END**

CAUGHT ON A BARBLESS HOOK

They were given no real chance to beat the Americans, but a jolly band of British girls might well have made off with the Curtis Cup if they had not kept coming to grief beside an old trout pond

by PAT RYAN

Between the 17th and 18th greens at the Casades course in Hot Springs, Va., there is a pond, and near it is a sign that instructs ALL FISH TO BE RELEASED UNHARMED USE BARBLESS HOOKS ONLY. It is too bad the sign did not also demand solicitude on behalf of visiting ladies, for last week the British Curtis Cup team played the two holes in 20-over-par, lost eight matches there and threw the cup to the rainbow trout.

It is not so much that the British really expected to beat the older, more experienced Americans, but with their pluck and youth, and pars on those final holes, they would have added to England's glories of the week by winning 10 to 8 instead of losing 13 to 5. And even as things were, pond and all, they did surprisingly well in this 34-year-old competition between the best women amateur golfers of the U.S. and Great Britain.

The Curtis Cup is not a cup at all.

Appropriately, considering the number of American victories in the competition (10), it is a Paul Revere silver bowl. Only twice since 1932, when the prize was donated by two Boston spinsters, the Misses Harriot and Margaret Curtis, has Great Britain managed to win it.

The site of this year's matches, The Homestead, is a place where Miss Margaret would have felt at home and might well have lit up her usual after-dinner pipe. Set deep in the Allegheny Mountains, the hotel has retained the opulence and old-world ways it had as a 19th century spa. It opened in 1846 asserting that its mineral springs would cure gout, dysentery, jaundice, deafness and loss of voice. These claims have been watered down a bit, but little else has changed.

"It is not what I expected," one of the British Curtis Cuppers said. "It looks a bit like Glenageary." Another took one long look and said, "It's Tara in *Gone with the Wind*."

The British arrived in Hot Springs seven days before the Americans and quickly became accustomed to the short, British-type course. The night before play began, Mrs. Dora Bolton, the British captain, said, "We may have been here too long. We could be too acclimated."

Only three of the British team had played in the Curtis Cup before. Angela Bonallick, an English amateur winner, was a veteran of five matches. The other two were Mrs. I. C. Robertson of Scotland and vivacious and voluble Susan Armitage, a 23-year-old hairdresser from the Midlands. "Whatever comes into her head, comes right out," said a member of the U.S. team. It is an endearing characteristic, and one that made her the most popular player at Hot Springs.

The remainder of the British might have been inexperienced, but they were a happy-go-lucky lot and young enough to be unimpressed by the fact that the American team members had won among them five U.S. and one British amateur championships.

There was 20-year-old Pamela Tredinck, a sparky, blue-eyed part-time sales-

girl in a London department store. A few months ago she and three golfing room-mates recked the Royal and Ancient by recording a song she describes as being about "chasing men." The lyrics begin "We need four jolly bachelors, four handsome men indeed."

The record has not been released, because, as Pam says, "the R & A asked us to make some adjustments."

Another member of the team, 23-year-old Elizabeth Chadwick, works in a garage—spare parts department—in the north of England to pay for her golf. Then there is tiny Ita Burke, a travel agent for a Dublin firm and the only one of the British golfers to win two matches. When she was named to the team many British writers protested. They called for the immediate resignation of the four electors of the team but found that the electors had already retired. It has become customary for them to resign unthinkingly after they name the Curtis Cup squad and long before the matches actually begin. No one can blame them.

The selection of the U.S. team is, at times, as controversial as that of the British eight. The United States Golf Association picks its players on "their records in competition, unquestionable amateur status and general ability to represent the country." Certainly golfing talent is of primary importance, but golf's traditions stem from an era of social grace and privilege, and women's golf seems to have retained this link with the past the longest of all. The USGA understandably will go to some lengths not to pick a woman for the Curtis Cup team who might do the monkey on the clubhouse buffet, but the ultraconservative women's committee has young U.S. golfers so concerned with their image that during the recent U.S. Women's Open one of the best of them thought it wise to go the ladies' room to smoke.

The 1966 American team was, as *The Romeke Times* said quite grandly last week, composed of "the bronzed daughters of Uncle Sam—veterans all." Their



British's Beth Robertson takes match on 18

average age was 30—as compared with 25 for the British—and all of them had played in at least one Curtis Cup before. Not long ago Anne Quast Welts, who has been a member of four U.S. teams, said: "It is harder to get off the Curtis Cup team than to get on it." Maybe so. It is a fact that U.S. teen-agers have spent the summer beating Curtis Cuppers—no cup team player has won a major championship since school let out.

On the other hand, only the dourdest grouch would have complained about the selection of 46-year-old Helen Sigel Wilson for the U.S. squad. She had waited 16 years to step once again into one of the team's blue skirts, and she cried when the national anthem was played to open the matches. In some ways age before teen-age is laudable.

The U.S. team arrived at The Homestead the Sunday before the matches began. On Monday it was drilling shot after shot, hour after hour, down the Cascades' fairways, in intense practice sessions overseen by its nonplaying captain, Mrs. Mark A. Porter.

Instructed to be careful with the press, less a chance remark prove to be unpolitic, the team guarded its practice-round results like state secrets. Perhaps out of strategy, perhaps out of modesty, Mrs. Porter told a press conference Thursday that the best round by one of her players was an even-par 71. The truth, Lawyer David Welts later admitted, was that his wife had shot a 67 Thursday morning. Anne Welts blushed deeply. "Oh, it's so hard not to talk about it," she said. "It's two strokes better than I've ever shot in my life."

Friday morning there was a cold mist, and the bittersweet smell of wet pine came from the mountains. Mrs. Bolton pinned a bunch of heather to her blouse—the same heather she wore when she was captain of the team in 1956, the year the British last won—and led her crew of singers, salesgirls, hairdressers and garage employees down to the slaughter U.S. Captain Porter countered by carefully counting the clubs in each of her player's bags and setting a good example with a nice noncontroversial smile.

But soon U.S. smiles faded. Each of the two days of play involved three foursome matches in the morning and six singles matches in the afternoon. Sur-

prisingly, at the end of nine holes on Friday, the foursome matches were all even.

The pattern held until the 17th hole, where the top British pair of Bonallack and Ametage were 1 up on U.S. Champion Jean Ashley and her partner, Tosh Preuss. There Susan, driving for the British, hit a tee shot that bounced toward the creek that runs along the right side of the fairway. The ball lodged in the bank, and only after the partners had put three gashes in it did the ball fly out. The U.S. won the hole with a par, and the match was again even.

Tosh Preuss now had the honor. She stood on the 18th tee and hit a 4-wood within four feet of the pin. When Angela pulled the British tee shot into the woods on the left, the U.S. had won a big match. It was only the first one of the Curtis Cup, but the British collapse on the 17th and 18th holes had begun. Not one of the British players put her tee shot on the 18th green on Friday. Every one of them made a hogey or worse, losing point after point they might have won. The only victorious member of the British team that day was Ita Burke. She beat Mrs. Wilson—whom Pam Tredinick was affectionately calling Granny—with a par 4 on the 17th hole. At nightfall the U.S. lead was 7-2.

The next day the British lost three more matches on the same two holes. In the morning Liz Chadwick and Ita Burke beat Anne Welts and Barbara McIntire 1 up, but the other two British teams were defeated at the 17th. At lunch the U.S. was ahead 9 to 3 and Pam Tredinick said, "Well, we've got to win all the singles to halve the Cup." Mrs. Bolton told the team stoutly, "Go ahead, girls, go ahead. You have nothing to lose." But they had lost far too much already. Late Saturday afternoon an English woman was heard to mumble as another British ball headed for trouble on 17. "It's this welfare state. Everything is done for them. They never have to think any more for themselves."

But that was hardly fair. They had presented a stronger challenge than expected to the Americans, and the U.S. had responded by remaining composed when the pressure was on. If anything, the British had done too much thinking as they stood on 17 and 18 looking at that tranquil trout pond.

END



Mountain climbing could not help Ita Burke, whose shot into this hole cost her a match at 17.



WIN ONE FOR THE FLIPPER

A cheer that would verge upon sacrilege at Notre Dame makes sense in Miami, where razzle-dazzle publicity and an All-America linebacker are helping to launch the AFL's newest team **by TOM C. BRODY**

Singing around end in their bright new blue-and-white uniforms laced with orange trim, the Miami Dolphins actually did give an impression of tropical water surging around a reef—which was highly gratifying to the owners of the American Football League's newest team, because they had hoped for some such effect out of the color scheme. Then, suddenly, a tall linebacker wearing the number 50 on his shirt lowered his shoulder and barged directly into the current. Down went blockers, defenders, the ballcarrier, an equipment manager and an assistant coach, and in an instant all that blue-white-and-orange wave looked like a collapsed Howard Johnson's. The sight of several tons of humanity being violently redistributed around the playing field would have been alarming except that most of the observers happened to have a personal interest in the Miami Dolphins, which made the spectacle absolutely entrancing. Since coaches attempt to restrain themselves during the first week of preseason scrimmage, no one quite broke into a cheer, but it took a considerable amount of face screwing to maintain a posture of professional boredom.

No. 50, the man responsible for putting the Dolphin coaches in this predicament, was Thomas Franklin Emanuel (see cover), former linebacker for the University of Tennessee, All-America and a 230-pound draft pick who had cost the Miami owners considerable time, worry, energy and cash—something near \$400,000. Naturally, certain things were expected in return. Hence the inner exaltation the other day when

Emanuel gave strong indications that he can help bring Miami into the AFL with a dolphin-size splash.

The Dolphins will need him, for Miami is a city that believes in spectaculars. It has a history of yawning in the face of all but the most incredible feats of showmanship, press agency and professional pizzazz, and while the idea of a big league football team is interesting, the town is fully prepared to head for the beaches instead of the bleachers if the Dolphins show signs of sinking toward the bottom of the AFL.

Well aware of this, the Dolphins not only spent a fortune for Emanuel, they went after every other big name in sight. They signed the man they considered to be the best college quarterback last year, Rick Norton of Kentucky, who has been known to deliver a football to a receiver 70 yards downfield. They also got the most productive end college football has ever produced in Howard Twilley. At 5 feet 10 and 180 pounds Twilley looks like a student manager pressed into uniform, but he caught 134 passes last year and set eight NCAA records.

Equally important, the Dolphins got more than just baitfish in their draft of players from other AFL teams. The league did not want a football version of the Mets in Miami and arranged things so that the Dolphins ended up with a chance at 19 starters from other teams. They got Dave Kocourek, the San Diego Chargers' tight end. Buffalo sent Bo Roberson, a very swift and able flanker, and Billy Joe, a 235-pound fullback. And from the Boston Patriots came Billy Neighbors, who was an AFL All-Star.

The very existence of the Miami Dolphins is something of an accident. Joseph Robbie, attorney, father of 11, former state senator from South Dakota

and a man who can squeeze more words into a split second than a tape recorder set on super fast, was in Miami by pure chance a year ago February when he received a call from a client asking if he would make preliminary inquiries about getting an AFL franchise—in Philadelphia. As Robbie was a close friend of Joe Foss, then the AFL commissioner, he was qualified for the assignment. However, Foss told Robbie that Philly was out. "If you want a franchise," said the commissioner, "make it Miami." Robbie got the message, but it presented a problem. The client said you don't spell Philadelphia with an M, and forgot it. Still, Robbie was intrigued. If Foss said, "Try Miami," why not? The problem was money, so Robbie called an old friend who had lots of it, Actor and TV Producer Danny Thomas. The question was put bluntly. "Danny, are you interested in owning an AFL football team in Miami?" "Yes," said Thomas, who has not packaged million-dollar productions like the Dick Van Dyke and Andy Griffith shows by dawdling over decisions.

From then on, events moved quickly—if not smoothly. Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs and one of the charter members of the AFL, told Robbie that other cities were ahead of Miami and gave some solid reasons why. As a resort area, Hunt argued, there would be little civic enthusiasm for pro football, and the Orange Bowl did not have a reputation for being receptive to overtures by pro teams.

Robbie listened to Hunt respectfully, disagreed and went after some facts to bolster his case. The biggest one he found was that the Orange Bowl averaged 31,000 people for pro football exhibitions and was willing to lower its rent for a Miami team.

ONE DOLPHIN feeds another for the game's sake, and Emanuel gets a look at his namesake.

CHASER

Then Robbie got lucky. Atlanta, first in the hearts of the AFL expansion committee, was stolen away by the NFL, and New Orleans had a problem with the treatment of Negroes during the AFL All-Star Game. So, last August, Miami was voted in.

Robbie went to Miami, where he now was president of a football team, had a \$7 million franchise, a tiny two-room office in the Dupont Plaza, a battery of telephones and nothing else. His first move was to hire a girl to answer the calls from people seeking such modest posts as that of head coach. Among the applicants was a hotel clerk with "a gift for organization," a trash collector from Pittsburgh who had not missed a Steelers game in seven years and an unaffiliated evangelist who explained how he knew from past experience that the pure of heart never lose.

There was also an application from Joe Thomas, the man who in 1961 had put the Minnesota Vikings together from scratch. He wanted to be Miami's Director of Player Personnel. Robbie, who could not have hoped for more, hired Thomas and it was Thomas who had to weed the quick from the dead on the list of players the Dolphins picked from the other AFL teams. The college draft was even harder to sort out. "The young players are the ones who will make us or break us in three years,"

said Thomas. "They have to be good, and they have to have glitter." With that in mind, Thomas drafted Norton, Jim Grabowski, the big Illinois fullback, and Emanuel—"the first two to make things go," says Thomas now, "and the other to make things stop." Norton constituted a risk because a leg injury had required an operation near the end of last season. But the operation was a success, and Norton quickly picked the Dolphins over the NFL Browns because "my chances of making it with a new team seemed better."

Grabowski, however, gave Thomas a jolt by signing with Green Bay. "You think getting Emanuel wasn't important then?" asks Thomas, and the successful chase was launched. Meanwhile, on the image-building front, Robbie pulled what may be the biggest upset of the season by talking Charlie Callahan, for 20 years the publicity genius at Notre Dame, into leaving South Bend and taking on the job of making the Miami team immortal. And on the team-building front he hired a head coach who was neither a hotel clerk nor an evangelist—George Wilson, late of the Detroit Lions. Wilson had 29 years in pro football, eight of them as head coach of the Lions. "He has experience," says Robbie, "and he has been a winner. Besides that, I like him."

The team still had no name, so a con-

test was launched that would help get the community into the spirit of things. A computer was used to tabulate results, and the answer spelled out by the machine was fortunate indeed: Dolphins. Robbie had taken an instant liking to the name and if, say, Alligators or Beach-combers had gained favor with the majority of Miamians, there is a strong possibility that the name still would have come out Dolphins.

Now that he had something to sell, Robbie went to Julian Cole, a short, round little man who used to be the press agent for Sally Rand. Cole, they say, could make Phyllis Diller the favorite in a Miss America contest, and he immediately began making a favorite out of the Dolphins. Soon paper Dolphins were leaping out from behind canned-goods displays and cartons of milk and—if you left your car untended for an instant—right out of your gas tank. Cole made deals with northern travel bureaus and now, for only slightly more than you can afford, you can be burned a fetching salmon, catch a sailfish, be wooed by Sammy Davis Jr. and get a good seat at a Dolphin game all in the same package. At present he is working on the possibility of having a real dolphin in a pool at the south end of the Orange Bowl. The dolphin would retrieve extra-point kicks that happen to land there and would leap out of the water with a flip every time the Dolphins score. Several candidates have tried out for the job, but the one Cole wants is Flipper, no less, star of network TV, who conservatively could bring in more goodwill with a single leap than a whole stadium full of baton twirlers.

"It'll be just our luck to get this solved and have the Dolphins go scoreless for about four games," said Cole recently.

"Oh, come on," said Notre Dame man Callahan, "surely we can win one for the Flipper."

The Dolphins began their summer training a month ago in St. Petersburg Beach, which is in an area known as the winter home of the St. Louis Cardinals and New York Mets and year-round home of the very aged. Local officials say this last is a hum rap, and it may be, for there seems to be ample opportunity for sun and fun—which is not conducive to pro football training. Wilson had some answers for that: "When I get through with them," he said, "the only thing

continued



MIAMI MAYOR ROBERT KING HIGH (RIGHT) GETS A CHEERING WORD FROM ROBBIE

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Still and all, \$75 is a lot of money for a tire.

And we'd be pricing ourselves right off the market if it wasn't worth it.

But for that \$75, you're getting more hand labor than

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You're getting a brute of a carcass that's so strong, you can practically forget about blowouts.

You're getting a special red liner that grips any sharp object you pick up and helps block off the air leakage.

And you're getting two special traction bars that we mold into the tread to wipe slippery, althery roads dry.

Of course, after 30-40-50,000 miles you may look at your old \$75 tires and wonder if you really needed them.

The only way you can know for sure is to need them. And not have them.



Sizes other than 8.25-14 priced accordingly.

THE NEW U.S. ROYAL MASTER

they'll crave is bed." Six old pros were 10 minutes late for the 11 p.m. curfew one night and Wilson gave them a choice of crab-walking the length of the field backward on their hands and toes, somersaulting 100 yards or paying \$100 fines. They all paid.

It was after the Dolphins' first morning workout last month that Frank Emanuel arrived for a few days of shaking hands all around and a quick scrimmage before leaving for Chicago and the All-Star Game. Emanuel was assigned to his room, where he was greeted by Rick Casares, the former Chicago Bear fullback who is giving pro ball one more try. "You've arrived, eh, kid," said Casares. "Welcome aboard."

Emanuel did not come to professional football by any easy route. Growing up in Newport News, Virginia, he was scrawny. At 9 he caught rheumatic fever and later an attack of polio briefly paralyzed his left leg. "I got awfully tired of being the smallest kid on the block," he says, "so when I was 12 I started working on a set of weights I got for Christmas. I mean working." By the time Emanuel was ready to graduate from high school he weighed 212 pounds and he threw his substantial bulk around the football field with the kind of passion that attracts college scouts—lots of them. He chose Tennessee.

"He was quick and he was tough," said one of his early Tennessee coaches, "and he wanted to be where the action was more than any player I can remember." Coaches tend to refer to such devotion as "desire," but in Emanuel's case it was something more. "Nothing," he says, "gives me greater satisfaction than a head-on tackle." He smiles when he says it, and the smile proves his point, for he suffers from linebacker's mouth. Where his front teeth should be there are souvenirs. Two gaps for Alabama, one for LSU and another for Ole Miss.

When Coach Doug Dickey came to Tennessee two years ago he scrapped the team's old single-wing attack. While his offense was learning the T formation, his only hope for something less than a disastrous season was a stout defense. Dickey got it, as Emanuel and Tom Fisher (who was later killed in an automobile accident) came on to establish themselves as two of the best and, some insist, meanest linebackers ever to disrupt the Southeastern Conference. In that first year, 1964, Tennessee man-

aged to win four of its games and tie favored LSU.

So inspirational was that tie that in Dickey's office there is a photograph of players sprawled over the field and the caption: "Goal Line Stand, Baton Rouge, La. Oct. 24, 1964, Tennessee 3, LSU 3." Twice LSU tried to get into the end zone from one foot away and twice the LSU ballcarrier ran headlong into Emanuel and Fisher.

Another goal line stand—Tennessee seemed to be playing inside its own 20 all that season—came against Alabama and, while it was successful, it was far less gratifying for Emanuel. Three times Alabama attempted to score from the one-yard line, with the last try being made by Joe Namath. Emanuel not only stopped Namath, he tried to push his face into the turf. "Hey, No. 50," said Namath, "you don't have to do that."

"This is a rough game, All-America," said Emanuel.

"Right you are, No. 50," said Namath. "Take a look at the scoreboard and you'll see just how rough it is." Alabama was leading 19 to 0.

Tennessee ended that season by losing to Vanderbilt, which was one it should not have lost. Emanuel and two other Tennessee players spent the evening at the Mad Mouse, a local college bistro, feeling low of spirit and mean of mind. On the way home a careful of high school kids began playing bumper tag with the Tennessee trio. Shortly Emanuel and his friends were responding with fists. The fight brought the police, and became a cause célèbre.

When Dickey heard of the affair he called Emanuel into his office and told him: "You're through. As of now you are no longer on the squad." Since Emanuel was on a full football scholarship and without any financial reserve to see him through such emergencies, he also was out of school.

"I was sick," says Emanuel. "Everything I had worked for, everything I had to look forward to was gone. In five lousy minutes I had chucked it all away."

Emanuel left school feeling depressed, humiliated and aimless. "Football was my life," he says. "Without it I didn't know which way to turn." He went to Florida and got in touch with a few semi-pro clubs but mostly did nothing. Then a Knoxville businessman called him and urged him to come back to town and get a job there.

Emanuel spent the rest of the winter in Knoxville working for a construction firm, exercising at the YMCA and minding his manners. His performance pleased Dickey, who called him one day and told him he could try out for the squad in the spring. "That was it," said Emanuel. "I had my chance, and you can bet by golly I was going to make it pay off." Which is another way of saying spring practice was a crusade. Emanuel brought so much zest to each practice session that it began to rub off on everybody. With Emanuel and Fisher on defense and a new ability to score from time to time Tennessee became an SEC power.

As for Emanuel himself, the term most often used to describe him was "intense." By Thursday before a game he was no more talkative than the two turtles he kept as pets. A ringing phone, a slamming door or just the mention of his name would send him leaping out of his chair. "They used to call me Punchy," says Emanuel, "and I guess they had good reason. The guys would tease me by coming up behind me and clapping their hands. Boy, I'd really jump. It was just that I was thinking so hard about the coming game I'd get lost in myself, and I trained myself so hard to react quickly that any little thing could set me jumping."

His preparations for a game were as consuming as the playing of it. A nightly session with game films was not just a casual study of the situation but a period of deep concentration. "I was looking for anything that would give me a clue," says Emanuel. "You'd be surprised how many players have little mannerisms that give them away."

Once Emanuel spotted a guard at Kentucky who had the habit of lining up with either his left or right leg pulled slightly back, depending on where the play was going. Emanuel watched that leg and made 26 tackles, 17 of them unassisted. Four came in a row at the goal line when the score was tied in the third quarter. The next time Kentucky got the ball Emanuel intercepted a pass, and Tennessee went on to score the winning touchdowns. "It was right there," said one pro scout a few months later, "that I got the feeling Emanuel could solve all of our linebacking problems for the next 10 years."

It will all be a lot easier for the Miami Dolphins if that pro scout was right about Frank Emanuel. **END**



Escape to the Not So Bounding Maine

That long look down on the left extends across an expanse of sail that would satisfy 23 times over the needs of the little "Ariel" slipping along to leeward of the schooner "Victory Chimes." The three-masted, 132-foot, 206-ton "Chimes," built as a cargo craft in 1900, is the largest schooner carrying vacationers on summer cruises in Maine waters, and, of all of them, she is the undoubted queen. Manned by a crew of college boys and girls under Captain Frederick B. Guild (rhymes with wild) and rejoicing in an incredible Filipino cook, the "Chimes" sleeps up to 42 passengers and provides enough escape in a week to tranquilize a full year's accumulation of frazzled nerves. The diversions and pleasures of windjamming are both austere and gentle. The most active of them is eating; a less vigorous undertaking is catching up, as is the lady in the picture below, on your important reading

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONTINUATIVE HANDS



CONTINUED

Days on the *Victory Chimes* are taken up with examining the coastline and the sea, watching the sun rise or the fog roll in or, when the ship lies at anchor, going ashore to walk through one of Maine's lovely seaside towns, now without visible means of support but with their great white houses still somehow maintained and intact.

Among the gentiles of the pleasures is the relative silence. The *Victory Chimes* has no engine and, when she is under way, the noises are those of wind and water, the cries of birds, the near speech of the ship herself and her rigging and sails, and the sweet metallic clanging of the bell buoys. As for austere diversions, there is swimming over the side of the ship; few diversions are more austere than bathing in deep water off the Maine coast.

Not all of Captain Guild's passengers are up to so much tranquility, and he realizes that not everybody will find it sufficient simply to be on the water in one of the last relics of the days of sail. It is an effort for the captain to realize this: he himself is wholly happy on the *Chimes* all summer, and he spends his winters dragging for scallops, rising at 4 and often staying out on the winter sea until 7 in the evening seven days a week. But, gathering that the fun of this escapes some people, he tries to make it clear in the *Victory Chimes* brochures what the cruises are like. The \$150 that one pays for a six-day, six-night cruise guarantees no dancing girls and no visits to ports more exotic than Boothbay Harbor, where one can, as a matter of fact, buy a cocktail if one is so inclined. But Captain Guild has a way of communicating his immense contentment with the sea and, as the week proceeds, the beauty he sees everywhere becomes more and more apparent. An overtired mind will shift gears, and the scale of what excites and interests will alter. The scenery becomes visible. Seals and porpoises are recognized as events. A visit to a fish hatchery or to an old museum is anticipated with childlike delight.

"Where are we going now?" a passenger asked the captain toward the end of one cruise.

"Oh, we're going up this little bay and put over both anchors. And we'll stay for the rest of the summer and swim and eat lobsters and have popovers morning, noon and night," he answered. It sounded, at that point, like all the excitement a rational human being could bear.

—BARBARA LA FONTAINE

Sun and sea air and a large luncheon leave passengers sprawled on deck in a happy torpor—which an afternoon plunge into Maine's icy sea will clear up





Filvine Cook Chandler Amala hooks into a sand shark which he will not cook he deals with Maine lobster, chowders and breads

Going ashore, the Guilds leave the "Chines" at anchor Mrs. Guild and the mate are the only hands the captain trusts with the wheel





A STAR AMONG FAST FRIENDS

Steve McQueen is somewhat better known as a movie actor ("The Great Escape," "Nevada Smith") than as a driver of fast cars. But as he demonstrates at night, cornering smartly in the new Jaguar 2+2, and as he says in the story beginning on page 39, he "ain't a bad driver, either." Formerly a sports car racer of promise, McQueen was ordered off the tracks by his studio, on the theory his beautifully battered face needs no further corrugations. He has not lost his enthusiasm for swift motoring, however, and when Sports Illustrated asked him to drive eight of the world's most distinguished Grand Touring cars on the race course at Riverside, Calif., he was, as they say, flat out. Turn the pages for pictures of Steve in a real-life role, and for his analysis of the state of the Grand Touring art in this midsummer 1966.

Strung up a new Jaguar 2+2, Driver McQueen found it "very smooth down the back straight at 110 mph" yet still suitable for trips with the family. Mrs. McQueen, he reported, was "kind of keen on it."





Corvette Sting Ray (above) impressed McQueen—and surprised him a little—with its power, fine handling and accurate steering. Top model (\$5,538) has big 427-inch V-8 engine, heavy-duty suspension.

Ferrari 275 GT3 with 3.5-liter V-12 engine, rear-mounted five-speed gearbox and Pininfarina coachwork drew a worshipful "Wow!" from Steve, who regards Ferrari as a supreme engineer. Price: \$14,500.





Alfa Romeo Duetto Spider, latest model from small, distinguished Milan works, cornered brilliantly, had superior brakes. McQueen also admired its looks but would have liked more power in a \$4,000 car.

Porsche 911 delighted McQueen with predictable handling in ferocious cornering, proving that Porsche has solved oversteer problem Steve remembered from racing days. This rear-engined 6 costs \$6,400.





Aston Martin DB6, the most expensive model tested (\$15,400), struck McQueen as a "gentleman's car" in its clean design, luxurious appointments, and performance, but fifth gear was disappointing.

Cobra 427 was "a real stoplight bandit" on acceleration, attesting to the strength of its 7-liter Ford pushrod V-8. McQueen was less pleased with its handling, felt seat position should be improved. Price: \$7,495.



I STILL GET GOOSE PIMPLES

BY STEVE McQUEEN WITH KEN RUDEEN

Not so long ago, when I was broke but studying Stanislavsky in New York and trying to be an actor, I read a story in a fan magazine about a Hollywood star who had a terrible time deciding which of his cars to take to work. I got mad. Up to then the fanciest car I had owned was a hot rod that a pal and I had put together as teen-agers. In those days in southern California we had rods with Model A frames and Ford 60 engines with Edelbrock manifolds, and they accelerated like the J-2 Allards that some of the sports car people owned. Mine didn't handle, but it did have stark acceleration—when the engine stayed in it

and I always got goose pimples hearing one go up the street. Now that I can afford something better I don't get soze at stories about all the automobiles the stars own and the choices they have to make. But I still get the goose pimples.

Not from every car. To me there are cars, and then there is transportation. I don't have a lot of interest in cars that won't go fast and stop well and corner a little. History is against me, but I prefer a stick shift to an automatic transmission. I'd rather sink my fanny into a bucket seat than park it on a bench. I won't sue if you spread the word that I like to drive flat out whenever the road and the law let me.

Understand that I am an actor, not a racing driver or an automotive engineer, but I've raced some and I ain't a bad driver. The cars you see in these pages are my kind of automobile. They go and they stop and they handle. They are drivers' cars, and most of them have been de-

veloped from racing cars. It was a kick driving them at Riverside; a little later I will give my impressions of each.

You will see that only two of the eight are American cars, which is a realistic ratio. We have been a little backward about building sports and Grand Touring cars, just as we have been backward, until recently, in international racing. I am proud for my country that Fords won at the Le Mans race and that the Chaparral won at Nürburgring, but I think those wins were overdue. We make very strong engines and chassis in America, but, let's face it, our production-line cars are old-fashioned. The Europeans make driving cars, handling cars. True, there are a lot of narrow roads and mountains and plenty of driving in the wet in Europe, and so European cars are built for those conditions. Build a car over there that won't handle in the wet or has brake fade and you won't sell any. But our cars, man, you hit the brakes four or five times from 80 miles an hour and you've got no brakes. Drive our cars in the mountains of Italy and they are going to be wash-washing all over the place. You are going to be sliding from one side of the seat to the other.

What does that have to do with McQueen? Well, I'm prejudiced. I think we ought to have more cars for drivers. Most married men have to compromise by having a car that handles pretty well but still is able to take care of the wife and the kids. I am selfish enough as a male that I like my own car, and I am lucky enough to have a couple that I haven't had to make compromises with.

One is a Jaguar XK-SS and the other is a Ferrari Berlinetta.

The XK-SS is a development of the D-types that won Le Mans four times. Jaguar made 15 of them, and then the factory caught fire, and that was that. The cars have become collectors' items. I have tracked down seven in the world, and I have one of them. I dare say, with the skinned knuckles I have gotten working on it, mine is probably the most cherry. I have reengineered the combustion chambers and the cams; I have dropped the oil sump, the radiator and the 46-gallon neoprene gas tank and worked them over. The disk brakes alone are worth \$2,400 if you buy them across the counter, with six pads on each leading shoe and four on each side in the back—that's 20 pads in all. The body is magnesium and so are the wheels—and that's my baby. Sometimes when I come home from work and I'm up tight I work on the XK-SS. Bushing the front end is my therapy. That's what I do instead of stealing hubcaps. The car has an old, rigid rear end that makes it bounce around a lot, but it still looks good, and I think it's a fine piece of machinery.

My wife, Neil, bought me the Ferrari, a 3-liter Berlinetta Lusso. It is dark brown and has 15-inch Borrani wire wheels on it, and it's the kind of a keen car. It would take a lot of persuading to convince me that Enzo Ferrari can do anything wrong. To me, he is one of the finest engineers in the world. When I am not working on the XK-SS or driving it, I drive the Ferrari. I do my thinking behind the wheel of a car. I find it relaxing.

continued

The concentration that I put into acting is the same kind that applies in motor racing or motorcycle racing. If you are locked in on your concentration in racing it makes everything else look like a dish of skimmed milk. In acting it is the same thing. There are six, seven, eight things that you must be able to do instinctively and with simplicity. You have to be perfectly relaxed. You must never get tight and bugged—you know, wound.

The first sports car I owned was a TC-MG. I found it in Columbus, Ohio when I was touring in a play called *Time Out for Gayer*. I wasn't getting much money, but we were playing poker every night, and I was winning. They wanted seven and a half for the MG. I left \$450 with the man, and every week I sent money until I had it paid for. It was delivered to me in Chicago. Then I got fired from the play and took the car back to New York with me. I thought I was kind of Jack L. Warner's son, you know. I didn't have any dough and lived in a cold-water flat, but I had that MG parked outside. Finally I sold it to pay the rent.

Next, I bought an Austin-Healey, after I was married, and after that a Corvette. I shined the Corvette three times and

drove it twice while my wife was working in Vegas as a dancer. Then I went back East for a job, and Neil, who was just learning how to drive, stuffed the Corvette into a used-car lot and came out with a Lincoln Continental. So that wiped out my Corvette.

With my next car, a black Porsche Supper, I started going out to practice for club races in southern California and got very interested in competition. My first race was Santa Barbara. Everybody was growing at me. They'd all seen the actor who sat in a racing car for publicity, you know, and I understood that. But I was very earnest about it. I was sitting there trying to look very relaxed. Guys were yelling. One said, "Hey, McQueen, you better make a hole when they drop the flag, because I'm coming through." But I won the race. And I was hooked. The fellows accepted me when they discovered I wasn't a know-it-all, that I was willing to learn.

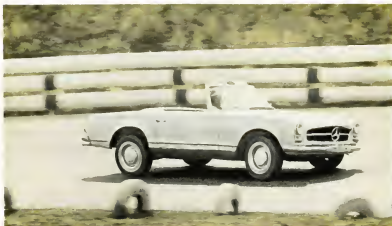
I was working in a television series called *Wanted Dead or Alive*, and the television people told me not to race. If I had gotten hurt the insurance company could have sued me for the price of the show. But the sport meant enough to me that I raced with that hanging over

my head. I must say, when you are racing against somebody and he wants to win and you want to win, you find yourself thinking, "Christ, if I end up on my head, there goes the house and the car and everything else."

But I did pretty well and cooled the insurance company, and after the Porsche I had a Lotus LeMans Mark II. Then I took a picture that was to be made in England, *The War Lover*, because I wanted to learn more about motor racing. Motor racing in Europe is like studying medicine in Vienna. I scammed and shammed and used my juice as an actor to get a ride. I was a race bum. This was 1961, and I was driving underpowered little cars, but to me it was a big thing. Afterward I raced at Sebring and then back on the Coast.

The pictures were getting more difficult. They were better pictures, but harder parts. To be a race bum is marvelous, but I had to choose between cars and pictures, and I decided to quit racing. It was a sorrowful thing because I had been offered some pretty good rides.

I knew there was a great picture to be made about motor racing. We had had nothing in films but the guy who wanted to die or the guy holding the broken



Mercedes 230SL was handsome and handled well. "I drove it hard and got it out of shape a bit," McQueen noted, "and it behaved very nicely, never

tried to bite me." The Mercedes automatic transmission was the best from Europe he had seen, "very suitable for people who do not like to shift."

steering wheel in one hand while he was kissing the girl. It is not really quite that way. I am going to try to make a decent racing picture next year. It will be called *Doy of the Champion*, and it will be about an American racing in Europe. He is not the world champion. He is a guy who has the handle of crashing. He has a psychological problem. He has the other problems submitted to human beings who put their lives on the line time after time. I think I can bring a little reality to it, and I think John Sturges is a good director.

I knew there was a picture there but for a long time I kind of held off. I thought maybe we weren't ready for it. Maybe I held off a little too long. When we started getting Le Mans Pontiacs and GTO Pontiacs and when John Cooper came to Indianapolis for the first time with a 1½-liter Climax and Jack Brabham made the fastest times through the corners in it, I knew the time was coming when we would be ready for a racing picture. We're ready now.

Riverside Raceway, a couple of traffic cloths up the freeway from Los Angeles, has been ready for quite a while. Before I got to the cars, let me say two words about Riverside, where I drove them. Winning at Riverside is done on guts and a lot of horsepower, because you can win a race on horsepower down the one-mile bank straightaway. The start-inch line is on a short straight. Turn One is an uphill left-hander, quite dangerous. You go into it blind, all the way over to the right, then cut to the left-hand side and come out sliding. Then you throw the car into opposite lock for a downhill right-hander, which is Turn Two. After that comes the Esses. Three is to the left, Four to the right and Five to the left again. Then you go uphill into Six, which is a right-hander with a tightening radius and a guardrail that is very inviting. Through the Esses maximum speed is about 125 mph. Six is a good bit slower—60 to 65. Seven is a downhill left-hander. Eight is a little right-hander, and then you set yourself up for the bank straightaway. The fastest I've gone there is 157 in a Lola T-70. At the end of the straight is the ninth and last turn, a right-hander that keeps tightening up. As you come to the shutoff markers you set yourself all the way over to the left and start panic braking and shifting down. The turn goes downhill and sort of corkscrews. It is very easy to run out of road.

Halfway through you have to give your car a jog and set it up again for the pit straight. It is a fast course, and there are not many places that you can afford to spin on it, you must respect it.

All right, the Ferrari. Bill Harrah was kind enough to send it down from Reno, and it was a wonderful car. With more inches than mine and a better power arc from its six-Weber carburetor—mine has three—I was pushing 140 mph. Top speed in ideal conditions is better than 150. The car was set up just the way I like it—for oversteer in tight corners and understeer in fast ones. Oversteer is when the rear end wants to break traction, where you hang the rear end out. Understeer is when the front end has a tendency to get light and push a bit.

The steering was heavy at 20 mph, as it should have been, and became progressively lighter as I went faster. If you have power steering and get going fast you don't feel anything—and you must feel the steering if you want to drive quickly. Clicking through the five-speed gearbox was a pleasure; Ferrari gearboxes shift like a knife through butter. You throw the stick, and it just kind of finds its own way in.

I thought Pininfarina's sculpturing was just beautiful. When the man drove it away, all eyes looked over there. The leather bucket seats were perfect, and the spokes in the steering wheel were set up so that you could easily read the speedometer and the tachometer. The car was redlined at 8,500 RPMs, and I respected that limit, although I was having a little fun pushing hard through the Esses. The shift had a very short, good throw. The pedals were hung so that you could play heel and toe if you wanted to. The power was such that a woman could go piddling along in third gear in traffic without any problems, yet a man could motor along just as easily at top RPM, so long as he respected the car.

The Alfa Romeo Duetto Spider comes from the same part of the world as the Ferrari. It is built by a company with a very old racing tradition and, as I expected, it was marvelous to drive within its limitations. On the narrow, mountainous roads of Italy it would be perfect. The five-speed gearbox was quite good, and I must say I was very impressed by the brakes. I stopped six or seven times from 90 mph and had absolutely no brake fade or locking. The Alfa handled well. Going through Turn One

in fourth gear at the RPM limit of 7,000, which is close to a speed of 90, I could not break the rear end loose. I finally got it skating by throwing it to the left and then to the right. It is a very forgiving car. Very pretty, too; the Pininfarina body is swell. But with only 1,600 cc's in the four-cylinder overhead cam engine it was a bit underpowered for my money. I prefer more passing power.

The Mercedes 230SL was very handsome, and it sure did handle well. But, again, I thought it was underpowered for the money. The model I drove had the Mercedes automatic transmission. It was the best from Europe that I have come across, but if I were buying the car I would take the four-speed manual. To be fair about this automatic, it shifted quite accurately, and there was no slugging or mushing. It snapped right in. For people who do not like to shift in traffic the car would be very suitable. This Mercedes is an outstanding lady's car, yet it will also take some manhandling. I drove it hard and got it out of shape a bit, and the car behaved very nicely, never tried to bite me.

Like the 230SL, the other German car, the Porsche 911, was a six, but a very different kind of six. The Mercedes straight-six is in the front. The Porsche flat-six, with horizontally opposed cylinders—an engine developed from the Grand Prix car of a few seasons ago—is in the rear. I was curious to see how much the Porsche had changed since I raced my Super, which had the four-cylinder engine. Boy, it's changed. Road noise used to be a problem with that rear-engine location, but on the 911 I got very little noise. The old Porsches had that violent oversteer tendency, and they would get out of whack with no warning. You'd be hung out and locked in your steering with nowhere to go. We used to decamber the rear wheels 2½° to 3½°, so they kind of looked like somebody had sat on them, and toe them in half a degree to get a certain amount of stability. Now the problem has been corrected. The 911 was a very neutral-handling car, very docile, very pleasant to drive, and the five-speed gearbox sure was easy to use. The brakes were just fine. Once a gust of wind caught me on the bank straight and slid me over a few feet, but the car didn't get radical in its handling.

There is a four-cylinder Porsche—the less expensive 942—and I imagine it has

continued



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McQUEEN TEST DRIVE

a little more snap at low RPM than the 911 but not as much top speed. With that six the 911 honks right along.

The English cars, the Aston Martin DB6 (minus the James Bond gadgets) and the Jaguar 2+2, are examples of the current trend toward stretching out the old type of Grand Touring two-seater to make some room in the back for kids or small adults. If your friends have 29-inch waists, you're O.K. The cars have somewhat similar engines—straight-sixes with overhead cams.

After driving the 2+2 with automatic transmission I felt that if you really wanted to get on it a manual box would be a must in this car. I thought the transmission was sluggish. Since the car was very new, I had to keep the RPMs down and I didn't push it. I had driven the two-seater XK-E and, as far as I could see, the 2+2 handled just like it, which is bloody good. I found it very smooth down the back straight at 110 mph. The seat was fine, the visibility was good, the brakes were solid. There is great appeal in the 2+2 for the man who will accept a compromise. He can put his two kids in the back, run his wife in the front and take off for his vacation. My wife was kind of keen on that 2+2. I don't see how they make it for the price.

The Aston, let's face it, is a gentleman's automobile. Neil was crazy about it, and I thought it handled very, very well. There are two things that I would like to see them do with the car: put wider wheel rims on it so you get more meat on the road and redesign the seats to give you more control of lateral thrust. I found that I had to hold onto the door with one hand going around corners. I'll say this, I was driving it a little harder, perhaps, than the average person would, and Jimmie O'Brien, whose personal car it was, took it like a gentleman.

The Aston is not a light car, by any means, but the brakes were quite good, there was slight fade after some exceptionally hard use. But, shifting up from fourth to fifth at top revs, you seemed to lose all your beans, lose your power. Both Jaguar and Aston may have to go to more cylinders some day to stay competitive. Nowadays the American market is putting out V-8 blocks that are able to pull 400 to 425 horsepower, stock. Those long-stroke English sixes are beginning to be just a little bit old-fashioned by comparison.

The Corvette was one of those V-8s, and the Cobra another. I was very impressed by the Corvette. Other than the Ferrari, it was the best car I drove at Riverside. And let's face it, it went out the door at \$5,500 instead of \$14,000. It had the big 427-inch turbocharged engine, and the four-speed gearbox, the stiffer suspension, short steering, and they were running low-silhouette racing tires on it. No question, it's a brute, a terribly quick car. It must be one of the fastest production cars you can buy for that kind of money.

I was doing a notch over 140 mph in it and could have gone faster. The brakes bobbed a bit at first. I got a little sideways on my first lap when I dove-braked coming into the shut-off marker for Turn Nine. But as soon as the brakes warmed up on the second lap they seated right on. The car handled just beautifully. Once I was going to race one of the old Corvettes, but I passed on it because it handled so badly. GM has done a wonderful job of making the Sting Ray handle right. At Riverside somebody turned on a sprinkler that got some water on the track, and as I was going into Turn One doing 120, I hit it. I kind of got on tippytoes when I hit the water, lifted everything and tippytoed through it, and then I got back on it right away to clear off the tires. No problem. No panic. The gearbox was smooth, and the ride was not stiff or lumpy. Yet when I threw the car into a slide I didn't pick up any rear wheels and I could straighten right out again.

The Cobra I enjoyed very much for its acceleration, which is brutal, and its brakes, which really get you stopped. I could not get a realistic idea of how well this particular car can corner, because the gas would slosh to one side of the carburetor bowl and starve out the engine. I know the work Carroll Shelby has put into the car, and I realize that the ones he prepares for racing are set up just right, so I am reluctant to call myself an expert on it. My knees were crying out an awful lot because of the seating position. When I went to hit the brakes, I would hit my knee on the steering wheel, which could be a little smaller. But it was a real stoplight hand on acceleration. I understand the 427 can get up to 100 mph and get stopped in just over 13 seconds. That is motoring.

And motoring is kind of a good part of life.

END

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Except for a little peanut butter
and jelly."



PEOPLE

She's pretty, sweet and the way her father once remembered her. "She was always a courageous little girl who would fight anybody." But **Rene Carpenter**, wife of Astronaut Scott Carpenter, sees herself differently in a feature-page column she is writing for the *Houston Chronicle* and 40 other U.S. papers in detail. "My life, my children and my observation of things and situations." Rene's Rene is a "physical coward . . . cautious of heights, and I don't like speed. I don't even like water and didn't learn to swim until I was an adult. But the children are great swimmers. Scott saw to that." Scott, of course, is another breed of cat altogether. "He's been living dangerously all his life," says Rene. "But his work isn't the only dangerous thing he does. Recently he bought a hydroplane that's a real bomb."

It had been 20 years, she said, but **Grace Grimsdell**, in T shirt and sneakers, was back in business rapping out hits, burning up the base paths (below) and shagging flies in the outfield as if she'd never been away from the game. A softball match played between officers of a Sixth Fleet destroyer and European Americans, and reaching a

doubtful ("17 to 11, or something") conclusion under Umpire **Ralph Bunche**—was among Princess Grace's low-key salutes to Monte Carlo's 100th anniversary. Said Her Serene Highness at a pegame cook-out. "Since I'm playing right field, it's safe for me to eat this," and thereupon popped a slice of garlic bread into her mouth.

Cleaving down the river on a Saturday afternoon, as the hometown papers put it, **Mao Tse-tung**, Red China's 72-year-old chief and aquatic miracle man, covered 9.3 miles of the flood-raging Yangtze in 65 dazzling minutes to drown out rumors he was feeling peaked. And oh boy, what joy, said the papers, as word spread through the provinces, provoking all and sundry to exclaim: "Our respected and beloved leader Chairman Mao is in such wonderful health!" The chairman's time over the course figured at roughly three hours better than the still-water record, and as marathon swimmers fired off an invitation to Chairman Mao to enter two 10-mile races in Canada later this month, Congressman Robert Griffin of Michigan cracked: "This country has its Batman, and China its Mao."

It was the very best possible turn of events, said Violinist **David Oistrakh**, that his true concert with Cellist Pablo Casals and Pianist Julius Katchen at Prades in southern France had been scheduled for Saturday night. The arrangement left him free to watch the World Cup soccer finals on TV.

Analyzing his particular problem on the golf course, **Bill Russell**, the 62-inch coach of the Boston Celtics, concluded that he could not reach the ball with ordinary clubs, so he switched to king-sized 47-inch shafts. Still, in a left-handers' tournament on Rhode Island the other day, Russell "stopped counting after 112." His second conclusion: "Since the longer clubs didn't help, I guess I'm a born hacker."

"She hates to be beaten by anyone or anything," wrote her coach to explain how England's **Mary Rand** had won a gold medal in the broad jump at the Tokyo Olympics. But while Mary, still at it, was winning her event again in Los Angeles last week, that old do-or-die spirit was plainly missing back home in Peppard, Oxfordshire where her 4-year-old daughter, Alison, did poorly in three school races and finished a flat last in the spoon-and-egger. "She will never be an athlete," said Alison's headmistress. "For while the ability may be there she is just not interested." That's for sure, said Alison primly. "I prefer painting."

Anybody playing the movie role of Neddy Merrill, Author John Cheever's shallow, exurban Ulysses who woefully swans the breadth of Connecticut's Fairfield County in other people's pools, ought to know how to swim, right? That follows, said Hollywood's **Burt Lancaster** who, having the pool but lacking the know-how, fixed it up last spring to take lessons from Robert Horn, the coach at UCLA. Now on location for *The Swimmer*, Lancaster (below) looks "polished, relaxed and

efficient in the water," says Horn, "but when I took over he swam the East River crawl"—a clutching-at-straws stroke combining a basic fear of water and a grim determination. Worst of all, Lancaster's butterfly was an enigma: it propelled him backward. "I finally got him standing still on that," says Horn, "which was a great step. Now he does a real respectable job."

The way some of the old folks around Manassa tell it, the Mauler was lucky to get out of town intact. One fellow, for example, specifically recalls the day some 65 years ago when he successfully beat up **Jack Dempsey**. Fortunately, all the animus has dissipated in the elapsed time, and when the heavyweight champion showed up in Colorado the other day for a hometown celebration, 5,000 fans from all over were there to take a look at Manassa's new Jack Dempsey Park and the reconstructed one-room log cabin where the fighter's parents, "poor but fine people," had struggled to raise Jack and his 10 brothers and sisters. "Looking at that cabin," said one man, "Dempsey must have learned how to box just trying to get a little elbow room."





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Cut by a jewel of a play

This is to repeat a diamond swindle in Amsterdam, which happens to be one of the diamond-cutting centers of the world. What got cut in this case, however, was not a jewel but the defenders on a deal played in the World Par Olympiad in Amsterdam. Much to the pleasure of the home-town kibitzers, the Dutch pair of Bobby Slavenburg and Hans Kreyens eventually won the title, but a Frenchman's wily tactics on the hand below entertained the Amsterdam spectators almost as much as the Dutch victory.

Both Jonathan Canino of Britain and A. Magnis of France arrived at six-heart contracts. Canino after opening with a weak no trump and Magnis after one club. At each table North's cue bid in spades produced the heart bid that had been hoped for. The four-no-trump rebid was Blackwood, and after South showed one ace North bid the slam.

Canino elected to let the opening diamond lead run to his queen. East took the king of diamonds, returned a diamond for West to ruff, and a spade trick was duly collected for a two-trick set. The Dutch onlookers reflected that Canino had not sufficiently considered

West's choice of lead. Even though South's opening no trump is known to be weak, West would hardly dare to make a vulnerable overall without a good suit and some other assets—in this case, freak distribution. With a good spade suit, it is hardly likely that West would lead away from the king of diamonds, Canino's best chance, therefore, would have been to go up with the diamond ace, play two rounds of trumps, ending in dummy, and finesse the queen of clubs. When the finesse wins, a spade can be discarded on the club ace and the only loser is a diamond.

The swindle took place when Magnis, at the other table, received the opening lead of the spade king and a shift to a trump. The Frenchman won the trump trick in his hand, then led the 8 of diamonds to dummy's ace. Now he summoned up the gall to lead a diamond back toward his hand.

East thought exactly what Magnis hoped he would, that declarer had begun with a singleton diamond. In this case it would be fatal to go up with the king and drop partner's queen. Declarer would then be able to enter dummy with a club ruff and lead the 10 of diamonds for a ruffing finesse against East's jack. If East covered, declarer could ruff another club in dummy, cash the diamond 9 and ruff the last diamond with his last trump, leaving the dummy with nothing but good trumps. So East ducked. South produced the queen of diamonds and West did not have another trump with which to ruff declarer's winner.

The danger of the ruff by West had to be risked. The way the diamond suit was divided, when East ducked, declarer needed all three of his remaining trumps to take care of dummy's three diamonds. Magnis ruffed a spade in dummy, ruffed a diamond, led the ace of clubs, ruffed a club, ruffed another diamond, trumped the last club and the last diamond and then ruffed a third round of spades with the king of hearts. Dummy's last card was the ace of hearts, which smothered East's jack, and the slam was made. **END**

East-West
vulnerable
East dealer

NORTH

♠ J
♥ A K 10 8 4 2
♦ A 10 9 6 5
♣ 5

WEST

♠ A K 7 6 5 5
♥ 4
♦ 2
♣ J 10 9 6 4

EAST

♠ 10 8
♥ J 9
♦ K J 7 4 3
♣ K 5 7 3

SOUTH

♠ Q 9 1 2
♥ Q 7 5 3
♦ Q 8
♣ A Q 2

EAST

PASS
PASS
PASS
PASS

SOUTH

3 N.T.
4 ♥
5 ♠
PASS

WEST

2 ♠
PASS
PASS
PASS

NORTH

5 ♠
4 N.T.
6 ♥

Opening lead: 2 of diamonds.

How Sweet the Truth

by
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Old Fitzgerald
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The late Frank Lloyd Wright, once called to appear as a trial witness, was being cross examined by a rather arrogant counselor. "They say you are the world's greatest architect," taunted the attorney.

"That is true, sir," replied Wright calmly.

"Isn't that rather immodest?" scoffed his inquisitor.

"You must remember, sir, that I am under oath," Wright smiled.

We, at America's oldest family distillery, find ourselves in a position akin to that of Mr. Wright. After examining years of Kentucky Distilling Records—each showing our distilling methods for OLD FITZGERALD to be the costliest employed for any Bluegrass whiskey—we have proclaimed OLD FITZ to be "The most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky... and probably in the world."

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In regard to "and probably in the world," should any Bourbon distiller outside our sovereign state wish to prove his path to flavor to be more painstaking, more demanding in terms of costs, we welcome any challenge.

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I rest my case.

"Source: Kentucky Distilling Records."

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
100 Proof or Prime Straight 86.8

Rough-and-tumble honeymoon for 'Guinevere'

After 23 days and seven hours the biggest transatlantic yacht race ever scheduled came to an end—or as near an end as such a race ever comes, for those who sailed in it will be talking and remembering and reliving it for a generation. George M. Moffett Jr.'s new yawl Guinevere was neither the first nor the last of the 42 starters to finish, but her story—as told by a sailor who has endured and/or been thrilled by more than a dozen such ocean races—might well be the story of them all.

An ocean-racing yacht, like a successful marriage, is the end product of a long period of flirtation, courtship and final commitment—followed by a season of agonizing reappraisal known to yachtsmen as a shakedown cruise and to bridegrooms as a honeymoon. George Moffett's new, 48-foot aluminum yawl *Guinevere*, his third of that name, was as beautiful as any bride when she departed on her honeymoon a few weeks ago with a trousseau of shining new Barent winches and other nautical ornaments, electronic and otherwise. But instead of carrying her down a path of sunlight silver to a cottage small, *Guinevere's* route led her across the gale-swept North Atlantic as part of the biggest fleet of yachts ever to stage a race across that treacherous stretch of sea. On the night the honeymoon began, an icy east wind, gusting to 30 knots and dumping Niagara of rain on the fleet, tortured the seas off Bermuda's Kitchen Shoals. There were nine of us on board; my duties included serving both as deckhand and chief cook.

As sails were hoisted and reefed in the icy spray at the start of the race the boats heaving for the line jammed together as though the finish were just over the horizon. Thor Ramsing's 50-footer *Soliholm* was over early, just ahead of *Guinevere*, whose trousseau had already begun to part at the seams. Our main boom outhaul had just let go and was repaired with temporary sewing when the muzzed outhaul ruptured. We filed the muzzed for future consideration and started the race as a sloop.

By midnight we were alone in a welter of sea, rising wind and violent motion. Several hours later, exactly at midnight,

Guinevere dived off one cresting sea into another, took a ton of water across her foredeck and split out two seams on the No. 3 genoa. We got it down and dumped it, soaking, into the cabin. There for 10 hours I sat and stitched the seams down which a sailmaker had run his sewing machine in 10 minutes.

As I stitched (and cooked) the wind died and the leftover lollipop of sea threw the boat around so that we had to eat sitting on the cabin sole and holding our food in shallow, round bowls from which the stew now and then slopped. The two youngsters in the crew—Terry Meyer and Cabot Lyman—ate only token servings. It was a poor beginning for anyone. But when morning dawned the sky was clear and there was a modest breeze. Dick Nye's *Canva* was visible ahead but nothing showed astern. The two junior members suddenly began to wolf peanut-butter sandwiches.

Two days later, *Guinevere* developed severe internal complications. When we tried to start the engine for recharging batteries and refrigeration, it was dead. A brand-new starter on a brand-new engine on a brand-new boat—and it was dead with 80 pounds of frozen meat thawing in the refrigerator. Meanwhile the wind had freshened and moved round to the stern to set us charging wildly 15° either side of our course. Bob Derecktor's *Wild Goose* was coming up well astern bringing even more wind with her. As we went from genoa to spinnaker to match the new slant, the jib halyard flew aloft, ran over the masthead sheave and came flopping down on deck.

In truly modern boats, halyards are run down the inside of hollow metal masts instead of alongside of them as they used to. This is fine except that it makes it virtually impossible to replace a halyard at sea. We tried, or rather Nick Noyes tried, but without immediate success. Half an hour at the masthead in a swinging sea is enough, generally, to render a man confused, abraded and discouraged. But Nick came down with at least the dimensions of the problem in his mind. A day later we managed to pull the end of the halyard through a

hole in the back of the mast (put there for that purpose) and make it again available. But the engine, and therefore the lights, refrigeration and radiotelephone were through for the trip. Our peerless leader put the boat under emergency eating orders.

To make up for the past, July 4 was a great day. The wind was satisfactorily over the stern, the boat mercifully upright and going well and everyone ravenous. Breakfast was pork chops and french toast; I turned a 15-pound roast into two massive containers of carbonnade de bœuf for future reference, then served lamb chops for lunch. We had a traditional feast to celebrate Independence Day with streamers, balloons, speeches, presents for everyone and American flags everywhere save over the deck of Navigator Alan Gurney—who happens to be British and hence had nothing to celebrate. Yet all this was a kind of whistling in the dark.

One learns only gradually the complexities of making a new boat respond effortlessly and easily to her helm, and steering on a run is difficult at best. At sunset on the 4th, the wind came on hard from astern and blew gustily for the next five days. So, after supper, we had our first lessons in running wild, out of control. A heavy swell from abeam, joining the newly cresting seas from astern, threw rogue-waves across *Guinevere's* quarters. As each wave crossed, it would lift up the stern and spin the boat around 30° off course in a v-slope, changing the angle of the bow's dig into the wave ahead and sending the helm from desperation full rudder to an immediate emergency left rudder. Then, thrown thus wind abeam, the whole groaning rig would lie down, charge up a sea, dump the air out of the spinnaker, spring up again and wipe around off to course in a great rubbery wrench of rig and hull.

This sort of work is hard on rudders, masts and people. We learned later that the heavy weather cost *Pen-Duck II* her rudder, *Firehawk* her skeg rudder, and *Wild Goose* her auxiliary rudder. *Xanadu II* broke her rudder quadrant

and went to emergency tiller. *Katana's* mast began to sag around and *Fearless* had a man swept overboard (and recovered). Meanwhile our girl, in the midst of the wild running, broke her spinnaker block hanger with a *Gasmoke* bang, so that the unsupported wire halyard sawed its way down the aluminum mast before we could do anything but worry. Then the spinnaker got wrapped around the spinnaker net (held aloft by the genus halyard). We again had to send a man to the masthead to untangle matters. The damaged halyard had to be replaced, the damaged halyard hoisted out of the mast, the spinnaker and its net untangled and the whole blasted rig reset. So down came the mainsail and up went Tony Higgins, our one professional sailor, who spent two hours swinging through 50° of sky while we made 6.5 knots under mizzen and wrapped spinnaker.

The difference between an ocean race and a day race is that everything is exaggerated. The noise alone is exhausting. For 1,500 miles we had been running in continual fog and heavy wind and in a sea that demanded accurate and absolute concentration of each helmsman. One got the illusion that the whole ocean was tilted downward and the boat was roller-coasting toward a brink where the sea melts into the fog on the great edge of the world.

By the time it was over, all nine of us had come to know our boat better than many men know their wives at the end of a lifetime. We'd known her in frustration and in exaltation, in wind and finally in a heartbreaking calm, after averaging 174 miles a day for 16 days, we got the news over the radio that big *Totomero* had finished the race in record-breaking time. Then our own wind died completely, leaving us still 800 miles from the finish. From that time on, there was nothing to do but pile on her silken linery and wait for a breeze, so we piled it on and we waited and we made the line at last, a more than respectable second place in Class B. Huey Long's veteran race winner *Ondine*, which crossed the line two days after big *Ti*, was eventually named overall winner on corrected time. Nye's *Carina* beat us to the punch in B. The SORC champion *Fawn X* took Class C and Tyge Rothe's *Kirsten* won Class D. All in all it was a happy marriage, but the honeymoon was definitely over. **END**



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Big year for groovy gear

When the college students on these pages go back to Princeton, Oxford, Haverford, California and Yale next month the new items in their back-to-school wardrobes, and those of their classmates from coast to coast, most likely will be corduroys—and the more definite the grooves the better. The corduroy boom is suddenly so big that American mills, which produce 155 million yards of the stuff a year, have sold out their entire output through 1966. The run on corduroy is prompted in part by the Carnaby Street Mod invasion (Bentley-type corduroy suits with high-buttoning jackets and low-riding pants) but even more by the sturdily handsome new breeds of corduroy the mills are turning out. The new corduroys have names like "elephant wale," "knuckle wale" and "logger" and are ideal for stadium coats and campus outerwear, particularly when lined with warm alpaca or red flannel. Many are double-breasted, a growing outerwear trend. All the corduroy clothes in the picture are now available at university shops across the country. Survivors of the Corduroy Thirties will be happy to hear that the new slacks have lost their old-fashioned squeak.

WHAT IT COSTS

Philip Hands (lower left, read clockwise) goes to Princeton. His corduroy pea jacket has brass buttons, epaulettes, a red flannel lining. It is by Lakeland and costs \$40. Bryan Fay, a Rhodes scholar, wears Zero Rag's Corduroy Warrior. It is \$70. Bob Sinclair of Haverford wears an overcoat with suede patches, an alpaca lining. At Asa Hertz for Lakeland, it is \$65. California student John Rodgers wears a jacket called the Rango, with stand-up collar, Paisley lining. It is \$20 by Silhou California. Frank Berloni of Yale wears a Mod suit by McGregor. The jacket is belted and costs \$16; the low-slung trousers are \$13. Cornell graduate Susan Stolp wears a purple corduroy pants suit. It is \$46, imported from Sweden by Marianne Olsen.

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Mr. Baker builds his blue-ribbon dream course

European-style Grand Prix returns to the U.S., with fancy layouts designed by a man who has managed to please both horses and people

No matter how glamorous the thing may appear—with fancy poles and piles of flowers banked around the fences—a horse show course can go only so far. It can look good, but it cannot fool 1) the horses and 2) the people—which pretty much takes care of everybody concerned. The true test of a course is in the jumping—that is, in how well the horses handle it. And two such tests in the Midwest recently have excited enough people to stir up a new career for one earnest young designer.

First of the events, the Oak Brook near Hinsdale, Ill., was the crucial show for Professional Horseman Jerry Baker. More than 10,000 fans turned out for the event on a sizzling summer day, and everyone knows how quickly hot fans can become hot critics when displeased. The large crowd was attracted by the money involved (\$1,200 for first place, more than in most stake classes), a large field of 30 horses; and innovations not usually found at American shows either indoors or out. Most important of these was Baker's course, the first European-type Grand Prix seen in the Chicago area since the Pan American Games in 1959.

Baker's dream course wound around smartly for a distance of 1,090 yards, and it was punctuated by 19 fences of various types. Any horse who finished, Baker had indicated, would thumping well know he had been somewhere.

The obstacles were large and solid-looking, and well filled in with flowers and shrubs, a fine touch that many shows cannot afford. And the fences—or combinations of fences—were as varied as the flowers. The over, hogs back and triple bar were fairly traditional. But the wall of birch rails, the

Liverpool and water jumps are not obstacles often encountered in the U.S. All this, Baker figured, would provide a dandy test.

He figured correctly. Some of the horses got one quick look at all that open space and promptly ran off. The water jump—smallish, 10 feet wide—caused the fall and elimination of one horse and added faults to the scores of many others. There were, as promised, variety and excitement.

Baker got the idea for the layout while riding in Europe with the U.S. Army Military Police Team. His introduction to Continental horse shows turned him into a crusader for better courses in the U.S. "After all," he said, "show people seem to license everybody but the course designer. The judges and the stewards have to be recognized—but the shows will let anybody set up a course."

Baker's first big chance to set up a course finally came last year in Cleveland. He raised \$7,000 for walking-around money and built his course from scratch. He also got all sorts of advice and criticism from the sidelines. "People won't lay their head on the line," said Baker, "but they can be pretty vocal when someone else has."

Then, the day before the show, the tail of a tornado hit the grounds and blew down the entire course, scattering the nearly \$1,000 worth of flowers and shrubs used to decorate the fences. "I started looking for a gun to kill myself," said Baker, "but instead I went back to work." By 3 the next morning the fences were mended, and the event drew so many spectators that despite the high cost of staging it—the show came out of the red. For Baker, it got the annual jumper course designer's

award presented by the American Horse Shows Association

When Oak Brook invited him to design the Grand Prix course, Baker knew what possible disasters could be in store. But he went to work again.

And then, his work done, Baker stood fidgeting as horse after horse had rails down or refusals. A third of the class had gone before Norma Gerstenfeld turned in a clean round on Mamo. Then Barney Ward did the same on A.B.S. Farms' green jumper, Sandspring, followed by Canadian Team Member Moffat Dunlop on Grand Nouvell.

The final clean horse was Ward Acres Farm's High Frontier, a former hunter with no great reputation as a jumper. But with Dave Kelley aboard, an average kind of a horse suddenly became a strong contender.

On the first jump-off, Mamo got into the water jump, refused the wall and then knocked it down. Sandspring nudged a block off the wall for four faults, and Grand Nouvell pulled down a pole for four. Then came High Frontier, rattling several fences—but bringing down none. The last fence, the wall, would have made him a winner. But he caught a block, and the three horses were tied again.

On the second jump-off Sandspring had a pole down but cleared the more formidable obstacles until he reached the wall. There he tried to refuse, slipped and fell. That eliminated him. Grand Nouvell had two knockdowns, and acted at one point as if he were going to run home to Canada. Then came Kelley and High Frontier. Once again the wall was too high, and the blocks tumbled, but High Frontier won with fewer faults.

While Kelley was accepting the applause, the money, gold cup, blanket of red roses and the winner's cooler, Baker had already begun to look for new courses to conquer. So much for the Oak Brook, it was a dandy and the show was a hit. For an encore he did it again.

The Cleveland Grand Prix, on a new Baker-designed course, came off in a rainstorm that was almost a rerun of Baker's earlier trial. Yet, despite the wet footing, eight horses of 43 starters tackled the course and came off cleanly. Eventual winner, after a second jump-off, was Florida's Carlene Blunt riding Silver Lining. Considering Baker's burgeoning success with show courses, it was an ideal name.

END



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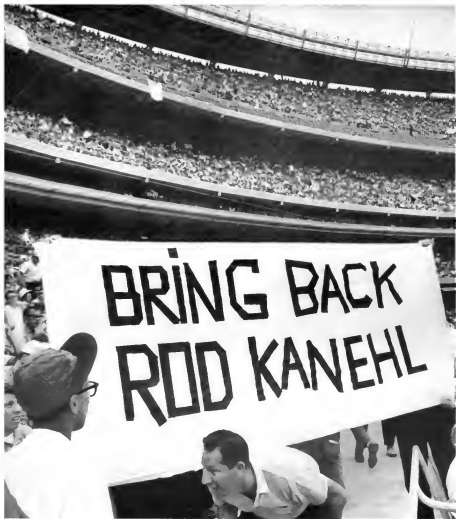
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CAN'T ANYONE



HERE USE KANEHL?



That most original Met and collector of Casey Stengel lore, Rod Kanehl, may have departed baseball, but he shares common sentiments with those Shea Stadium fans (left) who never forget

BY LEONARD SHECTER

The Rod Kanehls of Springfield, Mo., are a two-car family. They have a cheerful red 1965 Chevrolet station wagon with an orange-and-blue emblem on the windshield. It says: "Mets." They also have a 1951 Ford pickup truck with spiderwebby windows, peeling fenders and a cab congested with decay. Rod Kanehl likes to pose outside this wreck, an arm draped carelessly over a drooping door, and say, "Casey Stengel gave me my start."

If this sounds like a mixture of fondness and bitterness from one of the few players who was there all the time when the early madness of the New York Mets was being spun out of seemingly sound minds, it is. Rod Kanehl loved the Mets not intellectually but the only way they could be loved—mindlessly, viscerally. Now that he has been discarded, like some old bed-sheet banner after an eight-hour doubleheader, he thinks about his onetime team with the kind of bitterness a middle-aged man feels about his first love.

At the drop of a suggestion he'll play a game of baseball trivia. What other famous utility man can play the harmonica? Who was Marvellous Marv Throneberry's roommate on the Mets? What Met was removed for a pinch hitter in the second inning of their historic 23-inning game? Who got the last pinch hit aside in the Polo Grounds before it was torn down? Who was the first man to hit a grand-slam homer for the Mets? The answer to all is Rod Kanehl, and the inside information is that Marvellous Marv smoked in bed and never set himself on fire.

At 32, Kanehl is in the construction business in Springfield, but once or twice a week he plays *senior* ball with a few other abandoned major-leaguers. He is also the world's leading teller of stories about the Mets and Casey Stengel, and it takes very little to turn him loose.

"Destiny," Kanehl (pronounced Kanehl) said recently as he lowered his broad-shouldered, thick-necked frame into a chair. "It had to be destiny. Do you know that the very first banner the fans hung up in the Polo Grounds had my name on it? We hadn't played a game there yet, but there it was. It said: 'We love the Mets.' And under that, 'Rod

continued

Kanehl. "You know why they had my name up there? Because I was a hero, and I'll tell you how I got to be a hero."

It was still spring training, and the Mets' exhibition game with the Dodgers was being televised back to New York. The Mets were behind by two runs in the last of the ninth, and Sandy Koufax was pitching. There were runners on second and third.

"Don't ask me how they got there," Kanehl said. "I was asleep in the dugout. I'd had a rough night, and it was one of those sleepy days in St. Petersburg."

"Kanehl!" Casey Stengel shouted suddenly, waking him. "You want to win it for me?"

"What could I say? I said, 'Sure.' It's the same thing I said the first time a guy asked me if I could play first base. I'd never played there in my life. That's what utility men have to say. 'Sure.'"

Kanehl picked up a bat, stepped out of the dugout and thought he had been struck blind for his sins. The sun hit his purple eyeballs like a flashing mirror, and he had to feel his way to the plate.

"The first pitch," Kanehl said. "zap! Strike one. I didn't even see it. The next one was another fast ball, I guess. The umpire said it was a strike. I wouldn't know. Strike two."

Kanehl, telling his story, slumped down in his chair and put his shoes up on a bed. They had holes in the soles. Then he began reciting from *Casey at the Bat*. He really did.

He signaled to the pitcher,
And once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it,
And the umpire said, "Strike two."

He grinned and went on. "Now Casey starts hollering from the bench, 'Butcher boy! Butcher boy!' He meant take a short swing, meet the ball, don't strike out. Well, the next pitch I can see, I start going for it, then I realize it's too high, so I pull back. But it turns out to be one of Koufax's big curve balls. I'm pulling back, and the ball is curling down over the plate. It's also curling down into my bat. Darndest thing. It hits the bat and goes between the first baseman and the bag. Two-base hit, tie score."

Koufax, who later said that his biggest problem with Kanehl was getting him to hit the ball well, was so unnerved he allowed the next batter, Felix Mantilla, to hit the first pitch. Kanehl scored the winning run. "And that's how I got to be a hero. Me, Rod Kanehl."

He, Rod Kanehl, laughed and reached again into his cornucopia of recollections. "I don't miss the Mets as much as I thought I would. That's because, hell, I know Casey isn't around. That man really got to me. I remember the first year with the Mets, one of the few times in my life I was hitting .300. I mean, if that isn't destiny, what is? So I went to Casey, and I asked him why I wasn't playing. And he says, 'You're not getting enough money to play regular. The man upstairs [Casey Weiss, club president] wants those old guys to play. I'm gonna give him the walking dead until he's sick of it.'"

"Goddam," Kanehl said. "I wish the old man was here. Just so he could be talking."

While many of his players have taken every opportunity to denigrate Casey Stengel, Kanehl has worshipped at his altar. "I was his interpreter for the younger players. He never baffled me." Kanehl saw himself as carrying the torch of Stengel's managerial philosophy. He said he would always remember, for example, a basic dispute between Stengel and Rogers Hornsby, whom Weiss had hired in the hope that he would rub some of his hitting stardust off on the Mets. "Hit the ball up the middle," Hornsby used to say. "Up the middle, your tail," Stengel told the Mets. "Hornsby can hit the ball over a building. You're not good enough to play with the guys up the middle. Who do they put on short, second, in center field? Their best men. Who do they put on third and first, left and right? The donkeys. You guys better play with the donkeys. Play the lines." Kanehl always tried to play the lines, and his best shot was a swinging roller down the third-base line. "It kept me in the game," he says.

Kanehl also admired Stengel's frankness with his players and his willingness to take their side against management. Kanehl was a brash and, he thought, unknown rookie with the Yankees in 1959 while Stengel was managing there. In the middle of spring training it was discovered that he had failed to sign his contract. It was for \$600 a month, and he was demanding \$900. Stengel sent Ralph Houk, then a coach, to find out what the problem was. Houk reported to Stengel and then returned to Kanehl. "Casey says not to sign until you get what you want," Houk told him. Two days later Kanehl got his \$900.

Kanehl treasures the story about Felix Mantilla. When a player went into a slump, the imaginative George Weiss would often deduce that his off-the-field activities were at fault, so he would slap a detective on him. Mantilla slumped, and Weiss called in a detective. Stengel found out about it and promptly told Mantilla. "Better make it two," Mantilla replied. "I'll wear out one detective in no time."

Kanehl spent seven years in the Yankee chain, the last three of them convinced there would one day be a job for him as a manager. He didn't know how he knew, he just knew. (Later, when asked if Kanehl had a right to this assumption, Johnny Johnson, the Yankee farm director, replied that he did indeed. "Kanehl is a type," he said. "When this type starts to slow up they make up for it with hustle and understanding of the game and by helping the manager. They begin to show signs of leadership. After a while you just know they're the kind who can manage.")

In the meantime, the Yankees were trying to make a shortstop of him. It was hopeless. "I was a terrible shortstop," says Kanehl. He was less than sensational at a lot of other positions, too, but when he was asked how good he thought he was as a player, he laughed, winked the Casey Stengel way and said, "How good—or how valuable?"

He pointed out that he had played second base for the Mets and wound up in the middle of more double plays

continued



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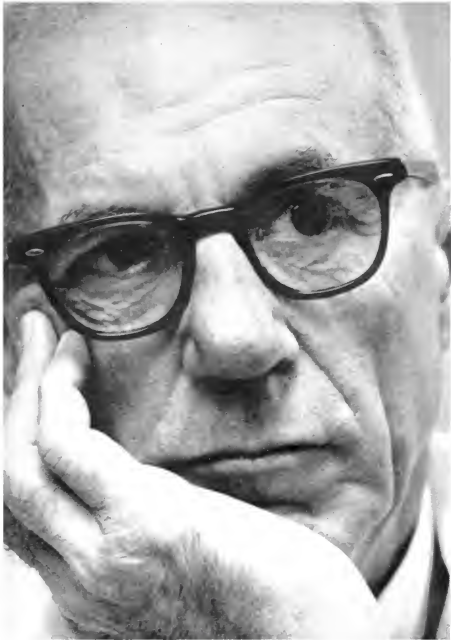
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than the team had ever made before. But because he never had the grace to make a leaping pivot, he paid a terrible price. While he was playing second base there was a raw-hamburger look to his legs. "There isn't anything to the pivot if you have guts enough to stand there," Kanehl says.

He had guts enough. He was the only player who collected on Stengel's standing \$50 offer to anybody who got hit by a pitch with the bases loaded. ("Let him hit ya," Stengel once shouted at Elio Chacon. "I'll get ya a new neck.") But no matter how much guts Kanehl had or how valuable he was, he found himself, in 1965 at the age of 31, out of a job and out of baseball. It was a sudden thing and, although he tries not to, he resents it.

"I thought there would be a place for me in this game," Kanehl said, the laughter suddenly gone. "I thought there would always be room for a guy who knows the game and has some intelligence. I know the game from underneath. I know what goes on in the mind of a mediocre ballplayer. I know what it's like to be a bad hitter. I know what it's like to have to hustle every time you go up to the plate. I think the Mets were stupid for not keeping me. And you know what hurt most? They gave away my uniform number even before spring training started. They couldn't wait."

If baseball was ready to drop Kanehl, he was not ready to drop baseball. Although he lives and works in Springfield, he flies to Wichita to play for a semipro team called the Dreamliners. The vision of hypodermic fantasy this name calls forth is altogether appropriate. On one level a Dreamliner is merely a sleek, air-conditioned bus owned by Wichita Transit Incorporated. On another it is a deliciously apt symbol of a lost world sought by men who would cling forever to their boyhood.

The Dreamliners are sponsored by a portly, doll-like man named Bernard E. Calkins. It costs him about \$10,000 a year, and until recently Calkins thought it was worth every penny of it. Calkins used to own the local bus line—then called the Rapid Transit Company of Wichita—but four weeks ago, plagued by complaints from citizens that service was not as good as it might be, he decided to sell out. In the meantime, Calkins continues to hold on to the Dreamliners, and it gives him a chance to be Walter O'Malley, to make clubhouse speeches enjoining his men to fight, fight, fight.

In his relentless search for low-priced talent with a high-priced past, Calkins has gathered about him not only local men with a bit of minor-league experience in their dossiers, but a core of once-talented ex-major-leaguers who make the Dreamliners the most feared hired bats in the Midwest. These men play a schedule of more than 60 games a year under conditions that would have made them cry when they were in Class D and for rewards which are, by the usual standards of baseball Hessians, insignificant.

The reason they do it is simple: they like to play baseball. The game gets into some men like a cinder in the eye, and it won't wash out. Once they have been paid to play baseball, they can be insulted, disgraced, have their uniforms stripped

off them, be cast aside like so many empty, sticky boxes of Cracker Jack, and they will stagger off, tears rolling down their cheeks, looking for a pickup game on some sandlot.

They are Dreamliners—Rod Kanehl, Charlie Neal, Jim Pendleton, Bob Boyd—names forgotten now by all but the true fan. They play baseball, though, and they win games. Their record was 56-5 last season, and they won the Kansas State National Baseball Congress championship and then the national title. They shared \$15,000 in prize money for all of this, or about \$1,000 a man.

Kanehl likes to kid about playing for the Dreamliners. "No strain, no pain, no batting practice, nobody gets hurt, and you usually play only seven innings," he says. "That's the way to play baseball." There is more to it for him, though, and later on, in a less flip mood, he tried to explain it. "I have a different image here," he said. "With the Mets I was a guy that got a lucky hit, or caught somebody asleep and walked away with an extra base. Here I'm a good player. A man's goal in life is to be depended on. In Wichita, they depend on me."

Also dependent on Kanehl is his wife, Shirley, a charming young woman who is called "Big Red" because of the color of her hair and the tempo of her personality. The Kanehls live in a modest four-bedroom country house that Rod built mostly himself. Everybody uses the back door, and the large, comfortable kitchen is the center of activity. The living room is usually empty. The house is two years old but barely landscaped as yet, except for a yellow rose bush Shirley planted when they moved in.

The Kanehls have four handsome children—Phillip, 12, Dave, 10, Leslie (a girl), 8, and Tom, 5—all alert, bright youngsters who show no signs of having been hurt by living the nomadic life of baseball brats. "I don't think I made a good baseball wife," Shirley Kanehl says. "It bothered me to have Rod away so much." Still, there were compensations. The Kanehls used New York. The kids learned the subway system, went to the museums. Their parents saw the top shows. They consider themselves better, broader people than they would have been had they never left Springfield.

One thing they did not get out of baseball, though, was money. Kanehl was paid \$9,000 his first year with the Mets, \$12,000 after a holdout his last season. This was supplemented each winter by the \$2,000 or \$3,000 Kanehl made pouring concrete. "It was just enough to keep us poor," he said.

Kanehl is bothered by the inequities of baseball, the mindless injuries it metes out, the enemies it graduates from its ranks each season just by doing things the baseball, or blockheaded, way. He spoke of Sherman Lollar, a local man who was a catcher for the White Sox for 12 years. "When they let him go," Kanehl said, "they sent him a pink slip in the mail. That's how he found out."

Kanehl's experience with the Mets was no less heartless. After his first season, for example, the Mets asked him to stay in New York to have an operation on his knee. Kanehl said he had to go home and pour some concrete dur-

continued

ing the autumn or his family would starve that winter, but he added that he would stay in New York for the operation if the Mets put him on the payroll for, say, a modest \$400 a month. The Met management was shocked. George Weiss said the Mets did not pay people for going to the hospital. So Kanehl had the operation late in the winter and, of course, was hampered in the spring.

The penultimate injury to Kanehl was delivered in the mail after his three glorious years with the Mets. It was a contract to play for Buffalo at a salary of \$8,500. There is no legal reason why the Mets should not have done this—except that for those who march to the drums of the Mets, there was always something special about Kanehl. From the day in that first spring-training camp when the veteran Riche Ashburn called for a fly ball in the outfield and then let it drop, only to have rookie Kanehl snarl at him, “If you call for it, goddam it, catch it,” everybody knew he was going to be a bird of a singular feather. And to those who understood the Mets (“The owners didn’t,” Kanehl says. “They were unconscious”) he always was. It was Kanehl who strolled to second base on the Giants when the infield forgot to pay attention to him; Kanehl who scored from second on a short passed ball; Kanehl who, as a pinch runner, scored the winning run in nine of the first 12 Met victories; Kanehl who played seven positions tall of them the Mets’ way—not well, but with a certain élan; and Kanehl who was Casey Stengel’s good-luck charm. He de-

served, if not better, at just different treatment. That he was not invited to the Mets’ training camp in 1965 shocked even Stengel, a man used to being discharged from ball clubs.

The final indignity was yet to come. When the Yankees heard that Kanehl was at liberty, Johnny Johnson called and offered him a choice of two jobs: third baseman and coach at Toledo, or manager of a rookie league team in Florida. Kanehl was torn. His construction business was going well, and he knew the Yankees were not about to pay him important money. After a week of soul-searching he phoned Johnson, planning to say thanks but he couldn’t think about baseball unless there was \$15,000 a year involved. He never got the chance. As soon as Johnson answered the phone he said, “Rod, I’m sorry. Weiss wants two players for you. We can’t do that.” Career over.

Although he had made up his mind to separate from baseball, Kanehl had not quite decided on a divorce. To have the other side file the papers was a blow. And what would Weiss get if Kanehl stayed home? Just what he was entitled to—all the free water he could drink.

Kanehl’s private history of baseball abounds with such decisions. In 1939, after five years in the game and a .295 batting average the year before with Dallas, Kanehl was invited to spring training with the Yankees. He had his bags packed and the wife and kids in the car when the letter from Bill McCorry, then the Yankee road secretary, who was nicknamed Mom, for “mean old man,” arrived. It advised Kanehl that the Yankees prohibited rookies from bringing their families to camp. Kanehl filed the letter in an empty cement bag and set out with his brood for St. Pete. His first day there McCorry berated him loudly in the middle of the crowded clubhouse. Kanehl listened for a while, then said, “Either you were gonna get mad at me or my wife was gonna get mad at me, and I got to live with my wife.” As McCorry sputtered, the Yankee players laughed.

It was at the end of that spring that Jerry Coleman, now a TV announcer but then in the Yankee front office, asked Kanehl to return to Class A ball. “If you go to Binghamton,” Coleman said, “I’ll come up there personally and teach you to be a slap hitter.”

“Slap hitter?” Kanehl said. “I had 175 base hits last year for a total of 185 bases, and you’re going to teach me to be a slap hitter?” Kanehl has a feeling Coleman never forgave him for that, and not only because the real figures were 154 hits and 178 total bases. At any rate, he did not go to Binghamton.

Kanehl had a reputation for being cheerful and cooperative around a ball club. “He has a good disposition playing for a team,” Casey Stengel used to say. But every once in a while Kanehl exploded, the way he did at McCorry and Coleman and the way he did one year at Phil Seghi, who was running the Cincinnati Reds’ farm system. In the spring of 1958 Kanehl found himself in Monterrey, Mexico on loan to the Reds’ organization, living in screenless barracks with a spring-towel supply of one, unable to get an offer of more than \$400 a month for his fifth season in



Kanehl talks with three former major leaguers who drive and play for the Dreadsnares: Bob Boyd, Jim Pennington and Charlie Neal



As a major leaguer, Kanehl had to struggle for cardiovascular fitness, but as third baseman for the Dreamers he is a star most of the time

baseball. So he decided to chuck it all and go home. First, though, he went out to take on a barrel of tequila, and when he returned to camp that night he encountered Seghi. He proceeded to lecture him loudly on the social concepts of baseball. "In this goddam game," Kanehl said, as he recalls it, "they're always telling you to sacrifice yourself, but behind the runner, play for the team. But nobody does it, not on the field and not in the office. And at the end of the year, all you look at is the averages. You don't have a column for the times you hit behind a runner or the times you play when you're hurting. If my boy wants to play baseball I'll tell him one thing: be selfish. Don't worry about anybody but yourself. That's the way everybody plays this game."

The next day Kanehl was packed and ready to leave when Seghi came to see him. "You still as good a ball-player today as you were last night?" Seghi said.

Kanehl said what he always says: "Sure."

"Dallas wants you," Seghi said. "They'll pay you \$600 after they give you a five-day look."

"I played two days, and then it rained," Kanehl said. "I wasn't overexposed. So they gave me the \$600. Like I say, if you don't play, they'll never know."

They knew, though. Kanehl got into 133 games in Dallas and had one of his best years. "You know something?" he said. "I never did believe that stuff I told Seghi. I can't

play this game selfish. Maybe I'm just not good enough."

The baseball talk went on until late, yet all the way through, Shirley Kanehl's attention never wavered. There are a lot of women who have spent their lives around baseball who get a dull gloss of *ennui* over their eyes after about 15 minutes of talk about the game. But Shirley Kanehl is, no matter what she says, a good baseball wife.

"I've always thought that Rod's a lot better than most people give him credit for," she said at one point. "Besides that, he's colorful. He's always doing something." It takes a lot of baseball wife to recognize that kind of talent, especially remembering eight years in the minor leagues at a top salary of \$6,000.

The next morning Kanehl was at his desk at Linscar, a long-haul-trucking insurance company. Kanehl is a "safety engineer." He got into the safety business when the money market tightened and financing for his construction business became difficult and then impossible. But first, last winter, there was this offer from the Mets. Joe McDonald, low man in the Met office hierarchy, sent him a letter asking if he wanted to manage in the rookie league. Kanehl called and said well, his business was lousy and what was this managing job? A thousand dollars a month for two months, he was told. That all? That's all.

"I'll take it," Kanehl said, "if you can give me a year-round job."

This is as close as Kanehl ever came to begging. Sorry about that, McDonald said. The best Kanehl could get was an indication from Bing Devine, Weiss's assistant, that the Mets would probably no longer stand in his way if the Yankees or somebody else wanted to give him a job. The Yankees didn't. ("We don't go chasing people down the street," Johnson says.)

Kanehl made one call, to Ed Lopat, then the Kansas City vice-president in charge of player development. Lopat said sorry kid, he was two weeks too late. "And that," Kanehl said, "is the old baloney."

I asked Kanehl why he didn't write letters to all the other clubs. "If you can't get a job with people you've worked for," he said, "who the hell wants you?"

Well, Joe Dando of Linscar did. Dando was a school-mate of Kanehl's in Drury College, which Kanehl attended for three years on the greatest scholarship ever obtained by man or football player. Kanehl high-jumped 6 feet 2, pole-vaulted 13 feet, threw the javelin 190 feet and in return got tuition, room, board (service by a motherly type), the use of a car and some spending money to boot. "My father," he said, grinning, "was the track coach, and I lived at home."

When Dando, a small, swarthy man with a touch of the dandy in his dress, heard Kanehl was looking for a job he offered him one. The money wasn't much, but it was a chance to get in on a rapidly expanding business and learn something about insurance. "And I've got security," Kanehl said. "You don't have that in baseball. I fooled myself into thinking I did, but I didn't."

Kanehl, whose mind is as quick as his personality is en-

continued



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Charlie Neal, dressed in bus-driver

blue, smiled a big-toothed smile. He has admitted to being a Dreamliner better than he ever did to being a Met.

Boyd is a man who clutches a dream even tighter than Neal and Pendleton. He had nine years in the majors, five with Baltimore, and when he was out loose he played a couple of years for Oklahoma City. He'd be there yet if they still wanted him. He gave up a pretty good job with a beer company in Memphis to drive a bus in Wichita so he could be a Dreamliner. "I felt I could play some more," Boyd said with disturbing intensity. "I've been at this game 22 years, and I love it. As long as I still feel good I want to play. I've always been a good hitter. I had a .293 lifetime average in the big leagues. I may have slowed up a little—I wouldn't know—but my hitting hasn't slipped any. I'm 39 years old, and I can still hit. I really believe I could still play in the major leagues."

Inside the dingy, concrete Dreamliner clubhouse before the game, one of the players sat on a table and sewed black bands on the left sleeves of the uniforms. This was for the late Eddie Vasco, who had managed the Dreamliners for several years. The day after the Dreamliners suffered their first loss this season (against Safety Auto Glass), Eddie Vasco shot himself to death. "We always thought he took this game too seriously," Rod Kanehl couldn't help saying.

Calkins appointed a new manager, a sporting-goods dealer named Arly Messner, and made Boyd players-captain. In a clubhouse meeting Messner asked everybody to play for him the way they had for Eddie Vasco. "We'll do anything to help the club," Boyd said.

The Dreamliner-Safety Auto Glass game was the second of a doubleheader, and there were about 200 fans in the stands, which seemed to be better lighted than the outfield. "We draw very well for the tournaments," said Ray Dumont, who started the National Baseball Congress tournament during the Depression in the hope of selling some baseball equipment. "Two and a half million people in 31 years," he said.

The fans were nice. They threw back the baseballs hit into the seats. "We tell them that the players have to pay for

them," Calkins said, looking somewhat abashed. Once during the game, when Messner asked a pitcher to warm up, a problem was discovered: "Oh heck," Messner said. "We need a ball to warm up, and we haven't got one." Calkins, who was keeping score in the dugout, was up to the emergency. "Boy," he said to the bat boy, "go over to the other dugout and borrow a baseball."

Kanehl played third base for the Dreamliners, and it was like old times. The first time he put his hands on the ball he picked up a grounder in the dugout, was up to the emergency. "Boy," he said to the bat boy, "go over to the other dugout and borrow a baseball."

Kanehl played third base for the Dreamliners, and it was like old times. The first time he put his hands on the ball he picked up a grounder in the dugout, was up to the emergency. "Boy," he said to the bat boy, "go over to the other dugout and borrow a baseball."

The next ball hit to Kanehl took a bad hop. Of course. As the ball made its swift, eccentric arrival Kanehl did a twisting ballet and sidestepped it neatly. "I thought I got out of the way pretty good," he said later. The ball ticked off his glove into left field, and Safety Auto Glass went ahead 4-3.

In the sixth Kanehl made another throw, taking careful aim this time and again throwing it well over first base. This heave sent Safety Auto Glass ahead 6-4, and Messner was out there taking out his second pitcher.

The nice thing about this kind of baseball is that it's so intimate. From the field you can hear the fans breathing. "Don't change pitchers," one of them shouted into the clear and silent night. "Change third baseman."

"Let Kanehl pitch," another yelled. "He throws hard enough."

In the dugout a man named Dick Soergel, who was the starting pitcher for the Dreamliners, said to Kanehl, "Maybe you can put a parachute on that ball." And Tom Buland, the comedian who pitched for the Red Sox for a while, patted Rod on the back and said gently, "You got an arm like a leg."

In the end, though, it wasn't all Kanehl. The Dreamliners rallied to make it 6-5 in the last inning and with two out and a runner on first Pendleton got a single to right. But the kid on first overran third by so much he got himself thrown

out on a relay that was far from the swiftest of our time. The game was over, and the Dreamliners had lost.

Back in the clubhouse Kanehl opened a can of beer and grinned foolishly. "You see anything you haven't seen before?" he asked, and laughed out loud.

Some of the players, especially those who drove as many as 400 miles round trip to play those seven exciting innings, showered and changed in the clubhouse. Those who lived in Wichita went home in their sweaty uniforms. First, though, there was the sitting around and the laughing and the friendliness. "Win or lose," Charlie Neal said, "it don't matter a damn. And the beer tastes just as good as it did in the big leagues."

Flying back to Springfield the little airplane was alone in the sky with the moon and a few silver-lit clouds. The combination of fatigue and the awesome sky seemed to remove the levity that is Kanehl's natural condition. He pulled on a can of beer he had carried from the ball park. The dim red instrument light reflecting on his craggy face gave him a look of eerie pensiveness. At length Kanehl said, as though he had rehearsed it. "You know what's wrong? You know what's happening? The old-line baseball man is intellectually on a different level than the kids coming along. Most of the kids now are educated, a lot of them have been to college. The old guys can't cope with their problems. I've seen kids ruined when all they needed was a little encouragement and didn't get it. Baseball is a lot like life. It's an unfair game. The line drives are caught, the squibbers go as base hits. A kid has to have somebody put his arm around his shoulder sometimes. But who's you got running minor league clubs? Donkeys. If you pay \$6,000, what else are you going to get?"

"For me to come back now would be a terribly selfish thing. It just wouldn't be fair to my family. I'll wait. In seven years the kids will be on their own pretty much. I'll only be 39, and a lot of my friends should have moved up in baseball. I'll just have to wait." Then he added: "Say, who's this Whitey Herzog?"

The new Met third-base coach? "Yeh, Herzog. He's got my job, you know."

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

KANSAS CITY (3-3) returned to friendly Municipal Stadium from a disastrous road trip and started to win a few (the A's, whose 44 homers and 233 batting average are the worst in the majors, are 27-22 at home and 18-35 on the road). Back in a spacious home field that caters to good pitching, Alvin Dark finally got his starting rotation in order and, surprisingly, the oldest in the group was 24-year-old Paul Lindblad. The others: Lew Krausse (23), Chuck Dobson (22), Jim Nash (21), Gil Blanco (20) and John (Blue Moon) Odom (19). Odom and Blanco both came up from Mobile, Ala. last week. Blue Moon stopped the Tigers 2-1—giving up only two hits in eight innings and driving in both K.C. runs with a single. But Blanco, a left-hander who was acquired from the Yankees last June, had a tough time against the Tigers. Nash, who is being brought along slowly by Dark, ran his record to 4-0, with a 2.45 ERA, after defeating the Red Sox, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, 20, an All-Star team member last month, would have helped fill out the youthful order but he underwent an emergency appendectomy last week and will be out for a few more weeks. "Never have I seen so many good, young pitchers on one team," said Dark. It was hitting, however, that kept Washington (4-3) ahead of runners (3-3) in the battle for last place. Fred Valentine bashed a grand-slam home run to beat the Angels one night, then had seven hits as the Senators beat the Red Sox in a doubleheader. Bob Saverine (13 for 35 for the week) three times had three hits in one game. It was a particularly frustrating night for Red Sox Catcher Mike Ryan in one batter game. He drove in the apparent winning run in the top of the 10th inning, but allowed a passed ball that enabled the Senators to tie the score in the bottom half. A

few innings later he spiked his own pitcher. Then, in the 14th inning, he failed to touch first base on his double and was called out. The Red Sox eventually lost the game. Dave Boswell's pitching (below) and Tony Oliva's hitting (the moved to the top of the batting line) were the only bright spots for MINNESOTA (2-3), while BALTIMORE (3-2), despite the sore arms of Wally Bunker, Steve Barber and Stu Miller, increased its lead to 1-3 games. Mickey Mantle hit his 494th career home run for New York (2-4) and passed Lou Gehrig to become No. 6 on the list of all-time home-run hitters. Rick Reichardt of CALIFORNIA (2-3), bothered by intense headaches and dizzy spells, planned to enter Mayo Clinic for an operation to correct a congenital kidney condition. Meanwhile, CLEVELAND'S (3-3) Sam McDowell was willing to submit to hypnosis as a possible cure for his sore arm. "They tell me it's only a strained muscle," said McDowell, "but a strained muscle has crippled people." PITTSBURGH (3-4) finally got some major league pitching, but the hitting turned minor league and the Tigers scored only three runs while losing four straight. CHICAGO'S (5-2) Eddie Stanky was so happy to get Pete Ward back (he was out for seven weeks because of a hernia operation) that he put him in the cleanup spot. Ward responded with no hits in his first nine at bats, and his average dwindled to .158.

Standings: BRF 10-25, DET 55-47, CLEV 54-48, CAL 54-45, WASH 52-52, CHA 51-53, NY 47-55, KC 45-57, WASH 42-61, BOS 45-61

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Dick Stuart, of all players, helped LOS ANGELES (4-2) move into first place as he hit home runs in two games to stymie PHILADELPHIA (3-4) and then hit a home run, a double and a single to halt ST. LOUIS (5-1)

after the Cardinals had won 12 of 13 games (page 20). One night when Stuart noticed that he was scheduled to start for the third straight game, he asked, "What does Abbot think I am, a machine?" Then, when Stuart was hit on the helmet by a pitch, Dodger Trainer Bill Buhler asked him if he felt dizzy. "No more than usual," answered Stuart. Finally, he received a standing ovation in Dodger Stadium after a home run and said: "I haven't had that many times, but I've had standing boos a lot of times." Philly Manager Gene Mauch fined Johnny Callison \$1,000 for loafing in the field and Richie Allen an undisclosed sum for missing a conference. PITTSBURGH'S (2-5) Harry Walker also had personal problems with his players, and the Pirates slipped to second. After SAN FRANCISCO'S (3-4) Juan Marchal beat the Pirates last week, Marty Mota of the Cubs accidentally shut a car door on Marchal's pitching hand. So Juan, who does not like to pitch against ATLANTA (3-4) anyway, just watched while the Braves took three of four from the Giants. NEW YORK (5-1) completed its best month in history, winning 18 and losing only 14 in July. Part of the Mets' success was due to the pitching of Dennis Ribant and Bob Shaw, who beat both CHICAGO (1-5) and HOUSTON (1-6) during the week. Since Joe Morgan injured his knee, the Astros have lost 21 of 34 games to fall from fourth place to seventh, only 1½ games ahead of the Mets. DERRON JOHNSON of CINCINNATI (4-1), who has been having trouble hitting this year, watched movies of himself in the Reds' projection room one night and evidently saw what he has been doing wrong. He hit three home runs in five days to help the Reds jump into sixth place.

Standings: LA 36-42, PIT 40-63, SF 65-48, STL 54-49, PHO 53-45, CHA 50-54, WSH 49-54, ATL 61-56, NY 47-55, CHA 52-51

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Dave Boswell, a 26-year-old right-hander from Baltimore who pitches for the Minnesota Twins and answers to the clubhouse name of "Flakey," resembles an irritating bird, animal and insect (recently he had a bus driver frantically searching under the seats for a cricket). If asked, Boswell will give a dandy imitation of a Baltimore Oriole but, better yet—as far as Manager Sam Mele was concerned—Boswell pitched a one-hit shutout last week to beat league-leading Baltimore 7-0. And those Orioles were the same Birds who had averaged more than one hit an inning all year, led the major leagues in runs scored and had been shut out only three times previously. During

the game Boswell struck out Frank Robinson three straight times, prompting Frank to yell a reporter: "How should I know what Boswell threw me? I didn't see the ball until the last time up." Boswell, who prefers to be called "Bull," has been the best pitcher in the American League the last two months. On June 1 he had an 0-4 record, but now, after winning 10 of his last 11 decisions, including six in a row, he has a 10-5 record and also leads the league with 149 strikeouts. In a victory over the Yankees earlier in the week, Boswell, who had to leave the game in the eighth inning when he was hit by a pitch, once loaded the bases and another time had runners on first and third—both times with no outs—but managed to get out of trouble without giving up a run.



TIME: DAVE BOSWELL

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RYAN'S RUN

Sirs:

I greatly enjoyed your knowledgeable coverage of Jim Ryan's victory (4 *Time to Remember*: 3 *SL*, July 25 *or* *ug*) and its fascinating recap of the behind-the-scenes events leading up to it. Again *SL* scores with a unique account of a historic sports event.

DANNY GAMING

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

Because stop watches were actuated by the meaty thumbs of human timers we shall never know just how fast Jim Ryan really ran that race. At only a \$50,000 car can fail to qualify by a hundredth of a second on an electronic timer. Using fallible human beings and equally fallible stop watches to time records like Ryan's is an anachronism.

F. PIERCE SHERRY

Philadelphia

LADIES' DAY

Sirs:

Murfild has indeed had a lady set foot in even the men's grill room (*Savling Jack Hair a Rough One*, July 18). In 1951 I was in Scotland with my step-mother. We drove out to see Murfild because the Curtis Cup Women's Team was playing there the following year and I had a very good friend, Pat O'Sullivan from Orange, Conn., who was on the team and I wanted to see the club and course. I felt the greens, traps and fairways. I was thrilled. Then our chauffeur took us into the ladies' reception room. He disappeared to find the club secretary. After 20 minutes we were completely satisfied that the ladies' lounge was beautifully furnished and charming, but we were eager to see more of the clubhouse. Our chauffeur was still missing so we decided to explore. Across the hall we found a door with a coco mat in front. We opened the door and entered what seemed to us to be the club dining room. There was no one in sight. It was a large story-and-a-half room with windows to the ceiling at each end. Tables covered with white damask cloths filled the room, and there were colored prints and photographs of all the former club presidents since about 1763 hung on the walls. We wandered around the room examining the pictures until we reached the far wall where there hung several ancient clubs among which was a silver putter presented to Murfild by the Prince of Wales. At that exciting moment we heard a man say in a very stately tone, "Ladies! Do you realize that this is the men's grill room and no lady has ever set foot in here before? Don't you ladies respect your men's grill rooms in your country?"

We really did feel remorse. But it is a fun-

ny error for the members to state so boldly that "no lady has ever set foot in this club."

VIRGINIA CURTIS FRYAN

West Hartford, Conn.

LIONIZING

Sir:

I must admit that every once in a while something really great comes out of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Your short story *Put a Lion in Your Tank* (July 25) is the funniest thing I have read in years.

FRANK PARRISH JR.

Wichita Falls, Texas

Sirs:

Put a Lion in Your Tank was a sad effort and a real blow to real hunters and sportsmen. Guys like that Jack Crawford, who probably doesn't know a .458 Winchester Magnum from a .22 short, hunting lions? He is very, very lucky he wasn't killed. Especially dumb was his shot at a running lion from 150 yards. Wounding him made him a dangerous threat to the hunter and the natives. Crawford didn't even know how the rifle was loaded.

MICHAEL JEW

Chandler, Ariz.

ACROSS THE BOARD

Sirs:

We'd like to thank Bob Ottum for his article (*Riding the Wave of the East Coast's Surging Boom*, July 18) because it brought the great sport of surfing the attention it deserves. But we wish to question your opinion of Phil Edwards as "the best on a board."

As any good surfer and many nonsurfers know, Mike Doyle is the world's best surfer. Mike has won most, if not all, of the major surfing championships and he is regarded by the surfing magazines as the best in his field. Though Phil Edwards is the person most responsible for the growth of this great sport it was with deep regret that we read your article and did not even find the name of Mike Doyle mentioned.

STU ZALUD

DOUG ARNOLD

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on the recognition of East Coast surfing, but you failed to include Texas, which feels itself very much a part of the East Coast.

NICK PASOJA

Fort Worth

ON THE MARK

Sirs:

Mark Kram's *When Evade Got His Hook Up* has been clipped from the July 25 is-

sue and placed in my files along with other classics from the prize ring, like A. J. Liebman's *Soirée Intime*, Rowland Barber's *Stallman's Gash*, William Fay's *Hello Joe* and Red Smith's *The Nose*. A few more stories about boxing by Kram and maybe—just maybe—being a fighter will again mean something.

ROBERT F. MITCHELL

Spokane, Wash.

BROWNED OFF

Sirs:

Tex Maule's article, *The Curious Fall of a Long Run* (July 25), stated that the Cleveland Browns had probably lost the Eastern Conference championship of the NFL due to the retirement of Jim Brown. True, Jimmy has been the best running back in the league for the past nine years, but it is well known that no one man is a whole team. There is a lot of time between now and the opening of the football season for the Browns to come up with a replacement.

ROBERT HENRY

Youngstown, Ohio

THREE-STAR STATE

Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on your article on the Coaches All-America Game (*Pro Football*, July 18). I would also like to point out that the three best players in the game were from Texas (Anderson, Nobis, Johnson). This is typical of football in our state. Nobis is as good a linebacker as there is in football now. Johnson is a promising quarterback with all the equipment. Anderson is probably the greatest back to come along since Don Walker (another Texan). Let's face it, Texas is the king of football, both high school and college.

BOB ROBINSON

Happy, Texas

SOFTLY NOW

Sirs:

I gather from the three letters in your July 18 issue that Mr. Ed Mulford has fanned quite a softball controversy among your readers. As a diarch softball player, fan, writer and administrator, it did my heart good to know of his concern for the game and of your willingness to publish his letter.

Hurray, too, for Dale Mitchell Jr. (the son of ex-major leaguer Dale Mitchell, by the way) and Robert A. Fiedler II for their replies. I'm in agreement—first-pitch softball is not dead. Take, for instance, the International Softball Congress World Tournament held on Roek Island, Ill. and mentioned by Mr. Fiedler. In the five years it has been held there this tourney has drawn 137,760 people. The IBC tourney will be held

continued

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19TH HOLE

in Rock Island this year from August 27 through September 5, with two dozen of the top teams from all over the U.S. and Canada competing.

Mr. Mitchell referred to the Amateur Softball Association of America as the governing body of the sport, but the BSC is the true governing body of fast-pitch. It does not register women's, or "sissy pitch," teams but concerns itself solely with the perpetuation and growth of men's fast-pitch softball.

Our own Western Softball Congress of Southern California, generally regarded as the top major fast-pitch league in the country, has enjoyed tremendous success in its eight years of operation. And there are other top leagues, such as the Atlantic Seaboard League, the Southern Major Softball League, the Drive Major League, the Ohio Big 8 and many others, which are bringing this exciting brand of softball to thousands of fans.

Finally, I must take exception to Mr. J. L. Lopez of Monterrey, Mexico, who states that "soccer is the top sport of every kind in America. I suggest Mr. Lopez travel to Mexico City this October and take a look at the first Men's Fast-Pitch International World Tournament.

MILT STARK
Secretary-Treasurer,
Western Softball Congress
Gardena, Calif.

SLIME IN PARADISE

Sirs,

My brother and I recently completed a canoe trip down the north branch of the Susquehanna River. We paddled 200 miles in five-and-a-half days, then the work began. We had to scrub and scrub and scrub, using strong detergents, to remove the slime that had accumulated on the sides of our 13-foot canoe.

For that reason we were amazed to learn that Mr. Russ Chaffee had actually swam the river (SCOUTS, July 18). What with the raw sewage emptied into the river by Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, plus coal wash water that kills fish and the various industrial wastes that give the river the odor of guava jelly, it was a miracle that his skin was still intact!

The first 65 miles of the Susquehanna, from Towanda, Pa. to Tunkhannock, Pa., are clean and truly form a recreational paradise. However, from Tunkhannock on down the river is, in many ways, worthless. In many places it is unable even to support fish.

I wrote this letter knowing that your magazine has been particularly concerned with conservation of America's resources and in the hope that you can call further attention to the pollution problem in America's great rivers.

EARL NICHOLAS SEELY
Hinsdale, Ill.

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Sports Illustrated

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